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### AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEWS ON THE ANNEXATION OF CUBA.

As the probabilities of our acquiring the Island of Cuba are now the subject of so much speculation, it may not be uninteresting to present the opinions of an unprejudiced Englishman on the matter. We therefore make the following extract from Baird's "Impressions of the West Indies and North America," a pleasant volume of travels, just published in London, and now ready from the press of Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

"Could any one, who has personally ascertained the truth of transactions and occurrences such as those before recorded, feel much regret were Cuba to pass out of the hands of Spain into those of the United States Government, or of any other civilized country which would keep better faith? If Cuba is to be ceded or bought at a cheap rate, Great Britain has unquestionably a much better right to her than any other power; and it were perhaps unjust, and, therefore, a thing England would not permit, were Spain to treat with any other country for the sale of Cuba, without first making payment of, or provision for, a large part of her debt to Great Britain. But the possession of Cuba by England were a matter more to be hoped for than to be expected. England had Cuba once, and generously (perhaps Quixotically) gave it back again to Spain. And to reacquire the possession, either by purchase or otherwise, would seem to be contrary to the general course of that policy which is now, and which has for a long time been pursued by our noble country; for certainly, and particularly after the experience of late events in India, no one can justly accuse England of an undue thirst for territorial acquisition. But I could not personally hear the grandiloquence of Spanish authorities in Cuba, or their contemptuous indifference to the treaties made with Great Britain, without almost wishing that some other power would step in, and obtain possession of the island. Were the United States of America to do so—and there is little doubt but the late secret expedition showed that the leaning of the popular mind was such that 'the people,' at least, would not be very scrupulous about the *modus acquirendi*—it would look something like retributive justice, inasmuch as it would be the descendants, at least, of the country with

which Spain has not kept faith, who would then be the instruments of avenging the deception. Without professing any extravagance of affection for America or Americans, or thinking them, as a nation, either so far advanced or so great as they think themselves, I confess I do regard them as infinitely nearer to ourselves by blood, and tongue, and tie of every kind, than any other nation on the face of the earth.

"No doubt, there are serious objections to the acquisition of Cuba by the United States of America. In the first place, there is the important want of a *causa belli* to justify anything like a forcible seizure. In not making with Spain such treaties as England has done, and covenanting with her for the suppression of the slave trade, and paying her money as the price of her consent, America has deprived herself of a justifying cause for warlike proceedings against Cuba, which she might now have turned to very good account. In the second place, a successful arrangement for the sale of Cuba from Spain to America, not only labors under the little less than certainty of the powerful  *veto* of England and France, but presumes that the cautious Yankee would pay Spain a much larger price for the possession than the island would be worth to himself. Spanish writers on Cuba call it the brightest jewel in the Spanish crown. Whether it be a jewel or not (and it may be so, were the fable true which makes each toad the possessor of a jewel), Cuba is at least Spain's richest colonial possession, and a source of a great part of her revenue. The value of Cuba to Spain is but little known to those who deem the acquisition of it by the United States, by a transaction of sale and purchase, a matter of probability. Cuba contains a superficies of thirty-seven thousand square miles; and a better idea of the extent of it will be formed by the Englishman, when he is reminded of the fact, that England (exclusive of Scotland) does not contain above 58,335 square miles. The present population of Cuba is estimated at 1,400,000—consisting of 610,000 whites, 190,000 free people of color, and 600,000 slaves. Each of these slaves is worth from three hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars—making the gross value of the whole between one hundred and eighty and two hundred and ten millions of dollars, or (estimating the dollar at four shillings) between £36,000,000 and £42,000,000 sterling. Again, the value of exports from Cuba during 1848 was within a trifle of twenty-eight millions of dollars, or £5,600,000 sterling; its imports during the same year being 32,389,119 dollars. In the same year, the number of arrivals of ships at Cuban ports was 3740, and of departures 3310. Already there are nearly two hundred miles of railroad finished in the island, and above fifty miles more in course of being made. Indeed, the first railway laid down in the West Indies was laid down in Cuba. This railroad was originally formed to connect the capital, Havana, with the town of Guines, which is distant about twenty-five miles, through a smooth and fertile country. This railway is now connected with San Carlos de Matanzas, one of the principal seaports of the island,

and a prosperous, though as yet but small town. Other branches connect the same railway with other parts of the coast; and thus the whole length of railway already open is about one hundred and ninety-five miles. The engineer of the original line from Havana to Guines was a Mr. Alfred Cruger, of America, but the capital was English, being negotiated for in London by Mr. Alexander Robertson. The nominal capital was about half a million, but, being negotiated for at a high per centage, it did not produce more than about £340,000. There are also several steamers plying between the different ports of the island, and, in particular, steamers from Havana to Matanzas (a sail of about fifty miles); and also steamers to Cardenas and St. Juan de Remedios, calling at intermediate places; besides a ferry steamer between Havana and Regla, on the opposite side of the harbor of Havana. To this add that, while the island is very fertile, and yields largely, even at present, and under deficient culture, there are not above two fifths of it cultivated; and not only is there a very large tract of fertile country uncultivated, but even many of those parts which are incapable of culture are covered with forests of mahogany, cedars, and a great variety of tropical and other woods of the most valuable kind. Cuba also contains valuable copper mines, which are now worked, and which are capable of being worked to much greater advantage and extent.

"These details may be useful to the party who wishes to form an opinion as to the probability of a compact between Jonathan and Don Hidalgo of Spain, for the sale and purchase of the island of Cuba, about which so much is said. It also explains, in some measure, how it happens that Cuba is able to supply so liberally the royal exchequer of Spain, as to acquire for herself the more appropriate than elegant title of 'The milch-cow of Spain.'

"Of course it is the fact that, by permitting the importation of slaves, a sufficient supply of good cheap labor is obtained, that makes Cuba so valuable a possession to Spain; and equally of course, were America to acquire Cuba, the nefarious source of gain must cease. For although the United States of America have not yet followed the example of Great Britain, by the emancipation of the slaves within her territory—and it must in candor be admitted that there still exist great difficulties in the way of her doing so—yet she has long ago blotted out participation in the slave trade from among her national delinquencies; and it is not to be thought of, that she would go back upon her onward course so far as to permit the importation of slaves into any part of her dominions or possessions. Indeed, an attempt so to do would cost that which a true American most dreads—would cost the Union itself. A legalizing of slave traffic by America, in any way, would inevitably lead to the dismemberment of the Union. The free States unquestionably would not endure it. Even were she to get Cuba, America would get it under implied pledges, destructive of its value as a place of production.



"But while, for the above reasons, I neither think it likely America will buy Cuba, nor have the same horror that some express at the idea of her taking it, I also differ from those who think that the possession of Cuba by the United States would strengthen the hands of the supporters of the slave system in America itself, and procrastinate or prevent the settlement of that question—the great national question of the American continent. *If it did, the possession would be to America herself a curse instead of a blessing.* But my conviction is, that it would just leave the slave question where it is; while, at the same time, it would effectually put an end to the traffic in slaves—at least in so far as Cuba was concerned—and thereby prevent and put an end to much of the injurious competition to which the produce of our own colonists (which is supplied by means of free labor) is exposed, by the nefarious conduct of the Spanish colonist in supplying himself with the cheapest of all labor, and that by means of the violation of the treaties made by his country with Great Britain. That slave labor—at least when there is a mart out of which the ravages made by excessive toil may be supplied—is much cheaper than free labor, is now an ascertained fact—ascertained in the best of all ways—by actual experience of the consequences. So long as the Spanish colonist finds it cheaper to steal slaves or to buy them, knowing them to have been stolen (which is nearly the same thing), he will never breed them. It is idle to expect that he will. It is quite notorious that the slave population of Cuba is almost entirely supported by importation of slaves from the coast of Africa; and that the average duration of the life of a slave, after he arrives in the island of bondage, does not exceed seven or eight years: while it is equally well known that his cheap labor has been supplied to the Spanish colonist (at the expense of the British colonist whose produce is depreciated by it), since the year 1820—and in manifest, open outrage and defiance of the treaty made in 1817 between the governments of Great Britain and of Spain, whereby his Catholic Majesty engaged that the slave trade should be abolished throughout the entire dominions of Spain, on the 30th of May, 1820; and that from that period it 'should not be lawful for any of the subjects of the crown of Spain to purchase slaves, or to carry on the slave trade on the coast of Africa upon any pretext or in any manner whatever.' The sixth article of this treaty is as follows:—'His Catholic Majesty will adopt, in conformity to the spirit of this treaty, the measures which are best calculated to give full and complete effect to the laudable objects which the high contracting parties have in view.' How this treaty has been kept the historic muse will tell, to the immortal honor of that England which has been so long foremost in every work of humanity, and to the eternal disgrace of Spain; recording, as she must do, the signal, and at one time nearly successful efforts of England to suppress the traffic, and her expenditure of blood and treasure in her persevering endeavors so to do; and the base deceptive conduct of Spain in violating her solemn engagement, by permitting above thirty thousand Africans (on a general average), torn from their homes, to be annually imported into Cuba and Porto Rico alone, and there sold as slaves. It is not easy for one but lately come from visiting such scenes, and from viewing their disastrous effects on the condition of the honest, upright, and intelligent British planter in our own colonial pos-

sessions in the West India, to write with temper of such matters. And again, I submit it to the public of my native country, that were Spain's debt to England, and for repayment of which Cuba may be considered as part of the security, duly provided for and secured, there is little or no interest which could or should prevent England from viewing the occupation of Cuba by our brethren of the United States of America with feelings of complacency. For the honor of America herself, such occupation, if it is to be gone about, should be gone about only on some justifying cause, or by a legitimate transaction of sale; and any gross violation of justice or the law of nations in the matter might justify or require the intervention of England, or the other powers of Europe in alliance with Spain, to forbid the bans between the United States and Cuba. But so far as interest is concerned, and apart from the question that Cuba forms part of the security for Spain's debt to Great Britain, interest to prevent American annexation England has none. I am aware that other writers have expressed themselves differently, but I cannot see the grounds of their opinions; and I know that there are in England persons who entertain an unworthy jealousy towards America, just as there are in the United States a great number of illiterate, prejudiced persons, chiefly composed of renegade sons of Great Britain herself, who entertain unworthy and jealous feelings towards England. But such parties should be excluded from the consideration of the good, the true, and the well-informed, on both sides of the Atlantic; and while I have long known that the body of intelligent men in Great Britain look with extreme interest on the rapid advancement in knowledge, in art, and in science, of the young republic of America—remembering the source whence they sprang, and feeling anything but regret that, actuated by the feelings which animated their sires, they effectually resisted the tyranny of the government of the mother country—I also know that there are a vast number of intelligent, enlightened Americans, who look with friendly feelings towards England, and regard with pride and pleasure, not only their descent from her, and their common origin with her, but also the many matchless institutions which England possesses, and her noble efforts in the great cause of humanity. An American friend of my own, an officer of the American navy, whom I met with when at St. Kitt's and again at Santa Cruz, expressed the same feeling strongly to me in conversation when he said, 'You are going to my country, sir; and, when travelling, you may hear much nonsense talked of England and America, and their feelings and position as regards each other; but, take my word for it, if America would ever like to see the Old Country embroiled in a war with all the rest of Europe, it would only be because it would afford her an opportunity of stepping in to her relief, and fighting upon England's side.' On another occasion, an intelligent Bostonian remarked to me at Niagara, that certainly the States were more jealous of insult from England than from any other country in the world. I asked why, assuring him that no intelligent man in England reciprocated this feeling; and his candid answer was, 'Because, I suspect, we respect Great Britain more than we do any other country, and next to ourselves.' Sincerely do I trust that my naval friend will never have the opportunity of showing his or his country's affection for Great Britain in the manner he so characteristically indicated. But I think there is

much truth in the Bostonian's courteous explanation; and I deem it simply an act of justice, and of gratitude for the many kindnesses I received when in the United States of America, to record whatever fact is likely to tend to promote friendly relations between two countries which stand almost in the relationship of parent and child. And most sincerely honest am I in stating it to be a conviction formed, even after travelling through the length and breadth of the United States, that there is among the intelligence of America a much kinder feeling towards Great Britain than is generally believed in this country.

"Even if America gets Cuba, the possession may not be very valuable to herself (whatever it is under the present system to Spain); but her doing so will, at all events, put an end to the slave trade, in so far at least as the importation of slaves into Cuba is concerned. And who doubts but that the system of slavery itself runs a chance of much more speedy abolishment at the hands of free and enlightened America, than at the hands of bigoted and enslaved Spain? Even the Southern planter, who most dreads emancipation—even the champion of that party which most opposed emancipation—even Colonel Hayne himself, who has in Congress most loudly, and I confess I think with some justice, complained against the conduct of the apostles of the Emancipationist party, who—

\* Fire in each eye, and paper in each hand,  
Declaim and preach throughout the land.\*

scattering firebrands among a people ready to be excited to violence—even parties such as these carry their arguments against emancipation no farther than this, that the proper time for it has not yet come. None of them, that I ever heard, say that the time is never to come. All they contend for is delay to prepare the country, the institutions, and the people for the change; and that in some sort of way it should be a gradual one."

## Reviews.

### WISE'S AERONAUTICS.

*A System of Aeronautics, comprehending its Earliest Investigations and Modern Practice and Art.* Designed as a history for the common reader, and guide to the student of the art. In three parts, containing an account of the various attempts in the art of Flying, by artificial means, from the earliest period down to the discovery of the Aeronautic machine, by the Montgolfiers, in 1782, and to a later period. With a brief history of the author's fifteen years' experience in aerial voyages. Also full instructions in the art of making parachutes, &c., as adapted to the practice of aerial navigation, and directions to prepare experimental balloons. By John Wise, Aeronaut. Philadelphia: Joseph A. Speel. New York: Bangs, Platt & Co.

THE air-depth escapes and perils by wind and tempest that Mr. Wise has encountered in the period of his aeronautic expeditions, have made him well known to the newspaper readers of the country. Such an introduction in itself is wide and dignified enough. Besides this, the two processes of making a book and sending up a balloon have so many points of resemblance, and the imitations of authorship and the filling an enormous bag with the gas and smoke of burning straw, are so nearly alike, that Mr. Wise may be considered a worthy fellow-craftsman of the guild of authors ex officio. And we think that even



Dr. Griswold himself would have no right to warn him off as a trespasser on any of the snug openings or slopes of the American prose Parnassus, from which he should endeavor to make an ascent into the regions of authorship.

Mr. Wise, after a hundred voyages through the air, and fifteen years of experience in the making, varnishing, and inflations of balloons, after being caught up in a whirlwind-cloud, and tossed about like a miserable shuttlecock by the fierce powers of the air in that dark meteor, after having seriously intended making a balloon passage over the Atlantic, now comes before the public to teach them the history and mystery of his art. He deserves to be listened to with some consideration, if for nothing else, for the dangers he has passed through, and the elevated positions he has occupied.

He begins with the first accounts of aerial voyages, and tells us of Archytas' flying pigeon, made of wood, and flying by *Aura*, *Spirit*, chronicled by Aulus Gellius. Then of a man who flew in the days of Nero, but who fell through the displeasure of his evil genius, according to his historian Antonius Byerlink. Then the theories of Roger Bacon, the monk, on this subject, are stated; and a method of exploring dangerous and otherwise inaccessible places, by means of a small auxiliary balloon attached to the person, suggested.

The eagle of Regiomontanus, which flew out to meet the Emperor, Charles V., and accompanied him to Nuremberg, is remembered. The author comes then to the plan of air navigation proposed by Francis Lana, a Jesuit, which was to make four hollow globes of copper, so thin as to be lighter than an equal bulk of atmosphere when they were exhausted; to these globes the car was attached.

Passing over some rather apocryphal attempts at flying, we come down to the time of the Montgolfiers. To Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier is due the first successful attempt to rise in the atmosphere. Stephen, the younger of the brothers, conceived the idea, that if a light paper bag, of an oblong shape, were made and filled with smoke, it would rise. The first experiment was made at Avignon, in their own chamber. A light paper bag was prepared, to the orifice of which they applied burning paper; and had the satisfaction of seeing it ascend to the ceiling of the room. Other experiments were made; and the discovery of the Montgolfiers caused a great excitement in Europe. On the 12th of September, 1783, a balloon, seventy-two feet high and forty-one in diameter, prepared for the purpose, ascended with a load of from four to five hundred pounds, in the presence of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, and again at Versailles soon after, before the king and royal family, containing in a wicker basket, the first aerial voyagers by balloon, among the animals, a sheep, a cock, and a duck. One of still greater dimensions was now constructed; and M. Pilatie de Rozier volunteered to ascend in it. Several trials were made while it was fastened to ropes; and, finally, he, in company with the Marquis d'Arlandes, made the first trial of aeronautics, on the 21st November, 1783.

Hydrogen gas, then termed inflammable air, had been discovered, and its properties described by Cavendish as early as 1766. As soon as the experiments of the Montgolfiers turned out so favorably, it was proposed to employ this gas to inflate balloons. On the

17th December, 1783, Mr. Charles and Mr. Roberts ascended from Paris in a balloon filled with hydrogen gas. The description of a number of aerial voyages is given; among them, that in which the intrepid pioneers, Pilatie de Rozier and Mr. Roman, lost their lives by the combustion of their apparatus, which was contrived with two balloons, one on the hydrogen, the other on the Montgolfier plan.

The invention of the parachute is next taken up; and the view taken, that in case of any accident rupturing the balloon, it becomes a parachute in itself, and enables the aeronaut to descend in perfect safety. The application of the balloon to the purposes of military reconnaissance is then discussed.

A plan of Mr. Wise's was submitted to the government, during the Mexican war, proposing to reduce the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, by raising a balloon, and raining on the devoted heads of the garrison a fiery sleet of bomb-shells and grenades. The Austrians, at the siege of Venice, we believe, tried Mr. Wise's plan. We do not remember with what success.

As it regards the prospects of ultimate success in aerial navigation, Mr. Wise is quite sanguine, by taking advantage of the numerous currents in the atmosphere, that almost any required direction can be obtained. So numerous are these currents, that in the visible length of a twine string, of 500 feet, two currents, besides that in which the balloon was moving, were observed. The uppermost current reached, he finds, is invariably from west to east—an observation that is worth while should be corroborated fully as a scientific fact.

The following is taken from the description by Mr. Monck Mason of the balloon voyage, from London to Weilburg, in which a party, with all the appurtenances for comfort that could be taken up in so limited a space, together with provision for a fortnight, embarked under the command of Mr. Green, the aeronaut.

#### A NIGHT SCENE FROM THE CAR OF A BALLOON.

"The scene itself was one which exceeds description. The whole plane of the earth's surface, for many and many a league around, as far, and farther than the eye could distinctly embrace, seemed absolutely teeming with the scattered fibres of a watchful population, and exhibited a starry spectacle below that almost rivalled in brilliancy the remoter lustre of the concave firmament above. Incessantly, during the earlier portion of the night, ere the vigilant inhabitants had finally retired to rest, large sources of light, betokening the presence of some more extensive community, would appear just looming above the distant horizon in the direction in which we were advancing, bearing at first no faint resemblance to the effect produced by some vast conflagration, when seen from such a distance as to preclude the minute investigation of its details. By degrees, as we drew nigh, this confused mass of illumination would appear to increase in intensity, extending itself over a larger portion of the earth, and assuming a distincter form and a more imposing appearance, until at length, having attained a position from whence we could more immediately direct our view, it would gradually resolve itself into its parts, and shooting out into streets, or spreading into squares, present us with the most perfect model of a town, diminished only in size, according to the elevation from which we happened at the time to observe it."

#### DARKNESS VISIBLE.

"Not a single object of terrestrial nature could anywhere be distinguished; an unfathomable abyss of 'darkness visible' seemed to encompass us on every side; and as we looked forward into its black obscurity in the direction in which we

were proceeding, we could scarcely avoid the impression that we were cleaving our way through an interminable mass of black marble in which we were imbedded, and which, solid a few inches before us, seemed to soften as we approached, in order to admit us still further within the precincts of its cold and dusky inclosure. Even the lights which at times we lowered from the car, instead of dispelling, only tended to augment the intensity of the surrounding darkness, and as they descended deeper into its frozen bosom, appeared absolutely to melt their way onward by means of the heat which they generated in their course."

From the personal reminiscences of Mr. Wise we take an extract, showing how an aerial traveller may occasionally get lost in cloudy weather:—

#### FINDING ONE'S WHEREABOUTS.

"Involuntarily I exclaimed to myself, 'Fooled, sure enough.' Being determined to find out my whereabouts, I let off sufficient gas to get below the clouds, when I observed through a spy-glass a little clearing in which was a cottage, and before it a man. His face was turned upwards, apparently drawn in that direction by the dialogue I had with myself, and which no doubt he had heard. I inquired of him whether he saw me, for I was then standing up in the car and waving a flag to draw his attention. He answered 'Yes; who are you?' I replied, 'An angel of light.' Upon which he cried out, 'Is your name Wise?' To this I responded, 'Yes; how far is this from Lancaster?' to which he answered, 'Sixteen miles,' upon which I bid him 'good by,' threw out some ballast, and went up through the clouds again. As I was passing up I heard him say, 'God bless you, man.'"

#### THE APPARENT CONCAVITY OF THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM A BALLOON.

"A perfectly formed circle encompassed the visible planisphere beneath, or rather the concavo-sphere it might now be called, for I had attained a height from which the surface of the earth assumed a regularly hollowed, or concave appearance, an optical delusion which increases as you recede from it. At the greatest elevation I attained, which was about a mile and a half, the appearance of the world around me assumed a shape or form like that which is made by placing two watch crystals together by their edges, the balloon apparently in the central cavity all the time of its flight at that elevation; the river each way cut off at the intersection of the upper and lower concavo-spheres. At one time this crevice, if I may so term it, was apparently filled in with clouds all around, while at the close of the voyage the visible horizon was clear of them, which gave it, as I before stated, a very artificial appearance. I could not help but think at the time, that had the Roman Inquisition which made Vincent Galileo recant his doctrine of the rotundity of the earth, in favor of the planispheric theory, occupied my position, they would have insisted to his swearing that our earth was hollowed or concave on its outer surface, instead of flat, as they made the philosopher swear it was."

There are other dangers besides those of the elements to which a traveller by the air-line is exposed; jealous landed proprietors are sometimes apt to be inhospitable, as was the case when Mr. W. descended in a peach orchard:—

#### THE BLUNDERBUSS DESCENT.

"On reaching the earth, my grappling iron took effect in a Jersey farmer's peach orchard, which so alarmed a negro who was ploughing in the next field, as soon to infect his horses, two boys, and two dogs near him, and to create a perfect bedlam amongst them. The horses ran away with the plough, snuffing the air like war steeds; the boys screamed—the dogs barked—the horses snorted and reared up in the fence-corner—the negro lay on his back looking up in terror—the balloon was surging up and down, ripping the grappling iron

from one peach tree to another; and now the contagion had spread to the house and the barnyard, the poultry were in a clatter—the matron of the domicile standing before the door of the house, clapping her hands together in anguish for the safety of the boys, who were still screaming; the old man next made his appearance with gun in hand, and in a gruff voice exclaimed, 'Where is it, where is the d—d thing?' Terror next beset me, for a shot from the old man's blunderbuss was more than suspicious, the moment his eye should catch the balloon, to which his back was yet turned, and I made no delay in cutting in twain the grapple-rope. As the balloon rose, the old man cried out in a satisfactory manner, as he stood in a half-stooped position, 'There, there it goes.' And I did go, although the country for two or three miles round was alive to the descent of the balloon, with footmen and horsemen wending their way towards it. I went five miles further, and landed finally on the ground of John Dye, Esq., on a spot called the 'Devil's Half Acre,' six or eight miles from Hightstown, in Middlesex County, New Jersey."

The forms of the clouds, from the lofty situation of the aeronaut, are sometimes very remarkable:—

#### CASTLES IN THE AIR.

"The profile of the cloud surface was more depressed than that on the earth, and in the distance of the cloud valley a magnificent sight presented itself. Pyramids and castles, rocks and reefs, icebergs and ships, towers and domes; everything belonging to the grand and magnificent could be seen in this distant harbor; the half-obscured sun shedding his mellow light upon it gave it a rich and dazzling lustre. They were really 'castles in the air,' formed of the clouds. Casting my eyes upwards, I was astonished in beholding another cloud stratum, far above the lower one; it was what is commonly termed a 'mackerel sky,' the sun faintly shining through it."

Mr. Wise's great adventure is that which was circulated at the time pretty extensively by the newspapers, and may be called,

#### SWALLOWED BY A THUNDER CLOUD.

"The cloud, to the best of my judgment, covered an area of from four to six miles in diameter; it appeared of a circular form as I entered it, considerably depressed in its lower surface, presenting a great concavity towards the earth, with its lower edges very ragged, and falling downwards with an agitated motion; and it was of a dark smoke color. Just before entering this cloud I noticed, at some distance off, a storm cloud, from which there was apparently a heavy rain descending. The first sensations that I experienced when entering this cloud, were extremely unpleasant. A suffocating sensation immediately ensued its entrance, which was shortly followed by a sickness at the stomach, arising from the gyrating, swing-motion of my car, causing me to vomit several times in quick succession most violently, which, however, soon abated, and gave way to sensations that were truly calculated to neutralize more violent symptoms than a momentary squeamishness. \* \* \* From the intensity of the cold in this cloud, I supposed that the gas would rapidly condense, and the balloon consequently descend and take me out of it. In this, however, I was doomed to disappointment, for I soon found myself whirling with a fearful rapidity, the balloon gyrating, and the car describing a large circle in the cloud. A noise, resembling the rushing of a thousand mill-dams, intermingled with a dismal moaning sound of wind, surrounded me in this terrible flight. Whether this noise was occasioned by the hail and snow which were so fearfully pelting the balloon, I am unable to tell, as the moaning sound must evidently have had another source. \* \* \* Once I saw the earth through a chasm in the cloud, but was hurled up once more after that, when, to my great joy, I fell clear out of it, after having been belched up and swallowed down repeatedly, by this huge and terrific monster of the air, for a

space of twenty minutes, which seemed like an age, for I thought my watch had been stopped while in it, till a comparison of it with another afterwards proved the contrary. I landed, in the midst of a pouring rain, on the farm of Mr. Good-year, five miles from Carlisle, in a fallow field, where the dashing rain bespattered me with mud from head to foot, as I stood in my car looking up at the fearful element which had just disgorged me."

Mr. Wise's work ends with some practical directions as to the construction of the balloon, the proper mixture of varnishes, precautions to be used in inflation, all of which will be found interesting to those who intend to become aeronauts.

#### FRENCH MEMOIRS.

*Memoirs of the Court of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.* By Mad. Campan. 2 vols. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1850.

*Memoirs of the House of Orleans.* By W. Cook Taylor, LL.D. 2 vols. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1850.

*The Life of the Empress Josephine.* By P. C. Headley. 1 vol. Auburn: Derby, Miller & Co. 1850.

Not a thought of the faded and already almost forgotten glories of the reign of the "Great Louis," and we commence with the first of these works a look at the court of his voluptuous son, from whom we may perhaps date the cause of the first French Revolution. It is in the reign of Louis XV. that Madame Campan, at the age of fifteen, was appointed "reader" to the young princesses, and a pretty hard time she must have served, for the Princess Louise, who entered the convent of St. Denis at an early age, writes:—"I greatly misused your youthful lungs, for two years before the execution of my project. \* \* I knew that here I could read none but books tending to our salvation, and I wished to review all the historians that had interested me." She was one day stopped by the King, who said,

"I understand you are very learned, and understand four or five foreign languages."

"I know only two, sire," I answered, trembling.

"Which are they?"

"English and Italian."

"Do you speak them fluently?"

"Yes, sire, very fluently."

"That is quite enough to drive a husband mad."

It was to Mad. Campan that Louis XVI. in 1792 confided his most secret and valuable papers. After this period, for support for herself and son she opened a school at St. Germain, from whence, after twelve years' experience, she was transferred to Napoleon's school at Ecouen, through the friendship of Mad. de Beauharnais. The last years of her life, spent in suffering and retirement, she devoted to writing this work, to contradict the many libels and falsehoods circulated against her beloved queen, to whom for many years she filled the office of first lady of the bed-chamber.

Madame Campan's work, known chiefly in this country by its general reputation merely—feminine in one respect, for there is not a date to be found in it,—is, and professes to be, rather a collection of personal anecdotes of the queen and court, and mostly given disjointedly, as a full appendix. It is a work which we unimaginative republicans have long wanted to possess. Nobility we have some idea of, but of royalty, none. We have wanted to know whether kings wore shirts made like other people, with no extra wristbands or an excess of buttons—whether queens wore simple woollen petticoats or whether something more

luxurious was fabricated,—whether they washed their faces and hands or some one else did—if they ever eat boiled beef or baked beans. Mad. Campan tells us all this and much more, so that we really feel, after reading these chapters, as if we had shaken hands with a monarch or two.

We will narrate some of the duties of a few of the court offices:—

#### LADY OF HONOR.

"\* \* \* Up to the time when M. de Silonette was appointed comptroller general, cloths, napkins, chemises had been renewed every three years; that minister prevailed on Louis XV. to decide that they should be renewed only once in five years. M. Necker increased it to seven years. The whole of the old articles belonged to the lady of honor. When a foreign princess was married to the heir presumptive, or a son of France, it was the etiquette to go and meet her with her wedding-clothes; the young princess was undressed in a pavilion usually built on the frontiers for the occasion, and every article of her apparel without exception was changed; notwithstanding which, the foreign courts furnished their princesses also with rich wedding clothes, which were considered the lawful perquisites of the lady of honor and the tire-woman. It is to be observed that emoluments and profits of all kinds generally belonged to the great offices. On the death of Maria Leckzinski the whole of her chamber furniture was given to the Countess de Noailles, with the exception of two large rock-crystal lustres, which Louis XV. ordered should be preserved as appurtenances to the throne.

"The valet of the wardrobes on duty presented every morning a large book to the first femme de chambre, containing patterns of the gowns, full dresses, undresses, &c. Every pattern was marked to show to which sort it belonged. This was presented to the queen, on her awaking, with a pin-cushion; her majesty stuck pins into the articles which she chose for the day.

"For the winter the Queen had generally twelve full dresses, twelve undresses, called fancy dresses, and twelve rich hoop petticoats for the card and supper parties in the smaller apartments. She had as many for summer. Those for the spring served likewise for the autumn; all these dresses were discarded at the end of each season, unless she retained some that she particularly liked. I am not speaking of muslin or cambric muslin gowns or others of the same kind. The appointments of the chief femme de chambre did not exceed 12,000 francs; but all the wax candles of the bed-chamber, closets, and card-room, belonged to them daily whether lighted or not, and this perquisite raised their income to more than 50,000 francs each."

It must have been quite amusing to witness the anxiety with which these nobles watched the flickering candles, to see their property running away before their eyes. It would be useless to attempt here even to enumerate the list of fat offices and no corresponding duties, but these pages will show where a very large portion of the immense revenue of France was squandered:—

"In order to describe the Queen's private service intelligibly, it must be recollected that service of every kind was *honor*, and had not any other denomination. To do the honors of the service, was to present the service to an officer of superior rank, who happened to arrive at the moment it was about to be performed; thus supposing the queen asked for a glass of water, the servant of the chamber handed to the first woman a silver gilt waiter upon which was placed a covered goblet and a small decanter; but should the lady of honor come in, the first woman was obliged to present the waiter to her, and if Madame or the Countess d'Artois came in at the moment, the waiter went again from the lady of honor into the hands of the princess before it reached the queen."



The marriage festivities of the Dauphin were conducted on the greatest scale, but sad accidents embittered all the pleasure that was expected from them. Mad. C. gives the following affecting anecdote resulting from the accidental burning of the scaffoldings intended for the fireworks:—

"Amidst this distracted multitude, pressed on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the *Rue Royale* and the Square, was a young man with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to have been married. For a long time the lover, protecting his mistress, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror, the peril, every moment increased. 'I am sinking,' she said, 'my strength fails—I can go no further.' 'There is yet a way,' cried the lover in despair, 'get on my shoulders.' He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves, redoubles his ardor and his strength. He resists the most violent concussions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast, he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it; arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns around; it was a different person—another, more active, had taken advantage of the recommendation; his beloved was no more."

The youthful beauty of Antoinette made her popular at the court generally, though parties endeavored to excite prejudices, and her principal errors seem to have been her extreme dislike to the court etiquette, often very irksome. But soon the small-pox carried away Louis XV., and the public hailed with joy their new sovereigns, and "a fashionable jeweller made a fortune by the sale of mourning snuff-boxes, whereon the portrait of the young queen, in a black frame of shagreen, admitted the pun: *comfort in chagrin*."

Here again her dislike of forms prejudiced many against her, and at some public receptions she greatly offended many old dowagers. The following anecdote shows some of their ridiculousness:—

"The princess's toilette was a master-piece of etiquette; everything done on this occasion was in a prescribed form. Both the lady of honor and the tire-woman usually attended and officiated, assisted by the first *femme de chambre*, and two inferior attendants. The tire-woman put on the petticoat and handed the gown to the queen. The lady of honor poured out the water for her hands, and put on her body-linen. When a princess of the royal family happened to be present while the queen was dressing, the lady of honor yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously, as affecting their rights. One winter's day it happened that the queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body-linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the lady of honor came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door; it was opened and in came the Duchess of Orleans; she took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong for the lady of honor to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess; a further noise—it was the Countess de Provence; the Duchess of Orleans handed her the linen. All this while the queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold; Madame observed her uncomfortable position, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and doing so, knocked the queen's cap off. The queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered

several times—How disagreeable! how tiresome!"

While fashion was ruling supreme, and going to most extravagant lengths, so that the ladies' head-dresses, with their superstructures of gauze, and flowers, and feathers, arose to such a degree of loftiness that the women could not find carriages high enough to admit them, and were often seen stooping, or holding their heads out at the windows, Dr. Franklin appeared at court in the dress of an American cultivator:—

#### A ROYAL JOKE.

"His straight, unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. \*Elegant entertainments were given to Dr. F., who, to the reputation of a most skilful naturalist, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurel upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks. Even in the Palace of Versailles, Franklin's medallion was sold under the King's eyes, in the exhibition of Sevres porcelain. The legend of this medallion was—

*'Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.'*

The King never declared his opinion upon an enthusiasm which his correct judgment, no doubt, led him to blame; however, the Countess Diana having, to keep her character as a woman of superior talent, entered with considerable warmth into the idolatry of the American Delegate, a jest was played off upon her, which was kept secret enough, and may give us some idea of the private sentiments of Louis XVI. He had a *rase de nuit* made at the Sevres manufactory, at the bottom of which was the medallion with its fashionable legend, and he sent the utensil to the Countess Diana, as a new year's gift."

But the excitements of a court and their conversations are not always of so elevated a style, and scenes occasionally occurred which would be better located elsewhere:—

"Etiquette, or, indeed, I might say a sense of propriety, prohibited all persons from laying things belonging to them on the seats of the queen's chamber. At Versailles one had to cross this chamber to reach the play-room. The Duchess \* \* \* laid her cloak in one of the folding stools that stood before the balustrade of the bed; the usher of the chamber, whilst they were at play, saw the cloak, and carried it into the footman's ante-chamber. The queen had a favorite cat, which was constantly running about the apartments. This satin cloak, lined with fur, appeared very convenient for the cat, who took possession of it accordingly. Unfortunately, he left very unpleasant marks of his preference, which remained but too evident. The Duchess observed them, took the cloak in her hand, and returned in a violent passion to the queen's chamber, where her majesty (Maria Leckzinski) remained, surrounded by almost all the court. 'Only see, Madame,' said she, 'the impertinence of *your people*, who have thrown my pelisse on a bench in the ante-chamber, where your majesty's cat has served it in this manner.'"

The History of the House of Orleans is valuable from the statistical information that it contains. It is written with British views of matters and things. The author considers this family as the prime cause of the first revolution, and their evil influence dates from the regency of the duke, during the minority of Louis XV. The work is written with much spirit, but seems tame when compared with the sprightly style of the impetuous

Frenchwoman, from whom we have so largely quoted. Louis Philippe's reign is rather harshly considered, and the author is pleased to throw the cause of the last revolution upon the mismanagement of the King of the French, rather than allow the natural character of the people, and the spirit of the times, to be principally instrumental towards bringing on the untoward event that has placed an ambitious President in a situation where his imbecility and rashness will probably again convulse the world.

The Life of Josephine is a mere compilation, and is composed very much of her own letters and journal. It is not wanting in interest; that is impossible to any account of the times of Napoleon. It is written, perhaps, in a less intense style than that which characterizes most of the works of its compiler. Nevertheless we find florid passages enough, like the following concerning Robespierre, who, "like Nero, gloried in his homicidal pastime, till he drained the wine-cup of unmingled depravity, and died in his hideous intoxication."

Such works as these are useful, if they serve to stimulate the mind to research and study of the complete history of the times; but if they are taken as substitutes for "the whole truth," and the mind be satisfied with such incomplete and one-sided accounts, their utility becomes more than questionable.

#### SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Part III. Harpers.

#### [FOURTH PAPER.]

SYDNEY SMITH tells us in his *Posthumous Sketches* that it is part of a sound, philosophical course of study, occasionally not to study at all; to let the mind lie fallow, and repose in pure vacancy, to be perfectly idle; though he couples this recommendation with the remark, that in practice this department of education is frequently too exclusively pursued at the expense of the rest. Scholars, we fear, seldom err on this side: they relax too little from the intensity of their pursuits, and hence grow extremely bigoted in the prosecution of a few ideas, to say nothing of the weakness of the body, ensuing upon the strain of the mind. Southey had the right theory on this subject. With the practical old Venesian, he thought that a man should play the fool on occasion, and that it was agreeable to do so. But even his folly partook of his studies. He could not get entirely away from the companionship of his beloved books. Hence, in these moods, he borrowed the cap and bells of Rabelais, Sterne, or Ariosto, and made himself merry as the author of *Garagantua*, with highly ingenious, concealed, learned nonsense. The Doctor is the great repository to the world of this phase of his character; and most delightful to the man who has served his apprenticeship to books, is its literary drollery. He pursued this favorite amusement of intellectual waggery with his friend Bedford in his letters. One of these passages, which is a key to these humors, and may serve intelligent readers in reading the lucubrations of other authors, much commented on, is thus introduced by Cuthbert Southey:—"The following letter requires some explanation. The Butler, and his man William, to whom allusion will from this time occasionally be found in the letters to Mr. Bedford, were mythological personages, the grotesque creation of his fertile imagination. The idea, which was a standing jest among

the intimate friends of the originator, was of a hero possessing the most extraordinary powers—with something like the combined qualities of Merlin, Garagantua, and Kehama, to be biographed in a style compounded of those of Rabelais, Swift, Sterne, and Baron Munchausen."

THE BUTLER.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

"Greta Hall, July 6, 1805.

" \* \* \* \* \*

Butler denotes the sensual principle, which is subject or subordinate to the intellectual part of the internal man; because everything which serves for drinking or which is drunk (as wine, milk, water) hath relation to truth, which is of the intellectual part, thus it hath relation to the intellectual part; and whereas the external sensual principle, or that of the body, is what subministers, therefore by Butler is signified that subministering sensual principle, or that which subministers of things sensual.

"Read that paragraph again, Grosvenor. Don't you understand it? Read it a third time. Try it backward.

"See if you can make anything of it diagonally. Turn it upside down.

"Philosophers have discovered that you may turn a polypos inside out, and it will live just as well one way as the other. It is not to be supposed that Nature ever intended any of its creatures to be thus inverted, but so the thing happens. As you can make nothing of this Butler any other way, follow the hint, and turn the paragraph inside out. That's a poozle.

"Now, then, I will tell you what it is in plain English. It is Swedenborgianism, and I have copied the passage verbatim from a Swedenborgian dictionary. Allow, at least, that it would make an excellent chapter in your book, if thou hadst enough grace in thee ever to let such a book come forth. Nonsense, sublime nonsense, is what this book ought to be; such nonsense as requires more wit, more sense, more reading, more knowledge, more learning than go to the composition of half the wise ones in the world. I do beseech you, do not lightly or indolently abandon the idea; for, if you will but Butlerize in duodecimo, if you fail of making such a reputation as you would wish, then will I pledge myself to give one of my ears to you, which you may, by the hands of Harry, present to the British Museum. *The book ought to have only glimpses of meaning in it, that those who catch them may impute meaning to all the rest by virtue of faith.*

"God bless you! I wish you could come to the lakes, that we might talk nonsense and eat gooseberry pie together, for which I am as famous as ever. R. S."

Southey, it is well known, was a most thoroughly-trained, accomplished reviewer. His productions in this kind in the Quarterly Review are among the best which he has left. Yet he could find it in his heart sometimes to abuse his favorite vocation; as Goldsmith wrote criticisms, which were better than the books he reviewed, and pronounced a critic "the brusher of noblemen's clothes." So Southey, though he was indebted to the chance labor of a review article, his sketch of the Life of Nelson, which he expanded afterwards into the Biography, for one of the strongest links of his fame, and though he built up many of his studies in the Reviews, would censure the employment as immoral, in necessity far the greatest number of cases. These are his remarks, in a letter to Bedford, in 1805:—

#### REVIEWING AN IMMORAL OCCUPATION.

"I am at my reviewing, of which this year I take my leave for ever. It is an irksome employment, over which I lose time, because it does not interest me. A good exercise certainly it is, and such I have found it; but it is to be hoped that

the positive immorality of serving a literary apprenticeship in censuring the works of others will not be imputed wholly to me. In the winter of 1797, when I was only twenty-three and a half, I was first applied to to undertake the office of a public critic! Precious criticism! And thus it is that these things are done. I have acquired some knowledge, and much practice in prose, at this work, which I can safely say I have ever executed with as much honesty as possible; but, on the whole, I do and must regard it as an immoral occupation, unless the reviewer has actually as much knowledge at least of the given subject as the author upon whom he undertakes to sit in judgment."

This is very true, and reviewing doubtless, judged in such conscientious scales, may, with preaching, governing, and other important affairs, have its shortcomings, and be at times administered in a very slovenly manner; but the question should be, not am I, the man Robert Southey, the best possible of all reviewers, most learned, able, and sympathetic, but, upon the whole, is my work done with honesty and all practicable faithfulness? and is it beneficial to authors and the public? Undoubtedly it was; and suppose but a part of the writer's work grasped, or that the sentence was sometimes reversible, could the author reviewed have, in the present imperfection of all things human, dispensed with it? Would he not rather be mutilated, supposing such a thing, by Southey, than slobbered over by some distillation of dulness. There is no doubt in the matter. Authors, too, profit alike by the errors and hits of critics. The Quarterly alone never would have killed Kents. A grievance of that kind, where there is merit to stand up in opposition, is but a stepping-stone to fame. Good criticism is undoubtedly the first desire of an author; but the second should be bad, malignant, spiteful criticism, or what is worse, dull criticism, anything but the indifference of no criticism at all.

By Southey's very case, there is nothing which, used with discretion, may be more serviceable to a scholar than reviewing. It extends knowledge and widens sympathies, brings one mind into close contact with another, begets more friendships than hostilities, and offers the occasion of a great deal of courtesy and high-toned benevolence.

There is a species of reviewing, however, which Southey deservedly held in great contempt, that which he never practised, the cool, insolent pertness, the ignorant censure of heartless vanity. He might be wrong himself, but it was with a hearty hate or love, a prejudice which had its roots in a strong, healthy nature. His writings never sanction that negative quality, indifference to merit; on the contrary, their spirit constantly inculcates that allegiance to literary worth, which is one of the finest ingredients of a well-developed manhood, and partakes of the strengths of faith in the religious life. Southey's independence and faithfulness to his opinions were tested in a suggestion to write for the Edinburgh Review. The reply shows his relations, external and within, to the Scottish critics, with some other passing reflections, just now of interest:—

To Walter Scott, Esq.

"Kewick, Dec. 8, 1807.

"MY DEAR SCOTT,

"I am very much obliged to you for the offer which you make concerning the Edinburgh Review, and fully sensible of your friendliness, and the advantages which it holds out. I bear as little ill-will to Jeffrey as he does to me, and attribute whatever civil things he has said of me to especial civility, whatever pert ones (a truer epithet than severe would be) to the habit which

he has acquired of taking it for granted that the critic is, by virtue of his office, superior to every writer whom he chooses to summon before him. The reviews of Thalaba and Madoc do in no degree influence me. Setting all personal feelings aside, the objections which weigh with me against bearing any part in this journal are these: I have scarcely one opinion in common with it upon any subject. Jeffrey is for peace, and is endeavoring to frighten the people into it: I am for war as long as Bonaparte lives. He is for Catholic emancipation: I believe that its immediate consequence would be to introduce an Irish priest into every ship in the navy. My feelings are still less in unison with him than my opinions. On subjects of moral or political importance, no man is more apt to speak in the very gall of bitterness than I am, and this habit is likely to go with me to the grave; but that sort of bitterness in which he indulges, which tends directly to wound a man in his feelings, and injure him in his fame and fortune (Montgomery is a case in point), appears to me utterly inexplicable. Now, though there would be no necessity that I should follow this example, yet every separate article in the Review derives authority from the merit of all the others; and in this way, whatever of any merit I might insert there would aid and abet opinions hostile to my own, and thus identify me with a system which I thoroughly disapprove. This is not said hastily. The emolument to be derived from writing at ten guineas a sheet, Scotch measure, instead of seven pounds, Annual, would be considerable; the pecuniary advantage resulting from the different manner in which my future works would be handled, probably still more so. But my moral feelings must not be compromised. To Jeffrey as an individual I shall ever be ready to show every kind of individual courtesy; but of Judge Jeffrey of the Edinburgh Review I must ever think and speak as of a bad politician, a worse moralist, and a critic, in matters of taste, equally incompetent and unjust.

"The review of Wordsworth I am not likely to see, the Edinburgh very rarely lying in my way. My own notions respecting the book agree in the main with yours, though I may probably go a step further than you in admiration. There are certainly some pieces there which are good for nothing (none, however, which a bad poet could have written), and very many which it was highly injudicious to publish. That song to Lord Clifford, which you particularize, is truly a noble poem. The Ode upon Pre-existence is a dark subject darkly handled. Coleridge is the only man who could make such a subject luminous. The Leech-gatherer is one of my favorites; there he has caught Spenser's manner, and in many of the better poems, has equally caught the best manner of old Wither, who, with all his long fits of dulness and prosing, had the heart and soul of a poet in him. The sonnets are in a grand style. I only wish Dundee had not been mentioned. James Grahame and I always call that man Claverhouse, the name by which the devils know him below.

"Marmion is expected as impatiently by me as he is by ten thousand others. Believe me, Scott, no man of real genius was ever yet a puritanical stickler for correctness, or fastidious about any faults except his own. The best artists, both in poetry and painting, have produced the most. Give me more lays, and correct them at leisure for after editions—not laboriously, but when the amendment comes naturally and unsought for. It never does to sit down doggedly to correct."

Of the varied nature of the topics which occur in Southey's correspondence, the reader may gather some idea by our rapid transit to a question and comment which passed between him and Riekmann, on the strange union of blood-shedding and civilization among the ancient Mexicans. Southey had sent "the MS. of his letters, under the assumed charac-



ter of Espriella, to his friend Mr. Rickman for his remarks, who was anxious that some strong condemnation of pugilism should not appear, as he considered it acted as a sort of *safety-valve* to the bad passions of the lower orders, and in some cases prevented the use of the knife; and he goes on to say, "The abstract love of bloodshed is a very odd taste, but I am afraid very natural; the increase of gladiatorial exhibitions at Rome is not half so strong a proof of this as the Mexican sacrifices, which I think commenced not till about A.D. 1300—and by a kind of accident or whim—and lasted above 200 years, with a horrible increase, and with the imitation of all the neighboring states. This last circumstance is a wonderful proof of the love of blood in the human mind. Without that, the practice must have raised the strongest aversion around Mexico. I believe Leviathan Hobbes says that a state of nature is a state of war, i. e. bloodshed."

The reply is curious:—

"You may account by other means for the spread of the Mexican religion than by the love of blood. Man is by nature a religious animal; and if the elements of religion were not innate in him, as I am convinced they are, sickness would make him so. You will find that all savages connect superstition with disease—some cause, which they can neither comprehend nor control, affects them painfully, and the remedy always is to appease an offended Spirit, or drive away a malignant one. Even in enlightened societies, you will find that men more readily believe what they *fear* than what they *hope*:

religions, therefore, which impose privations and self-torture, have always been more popular than any other. How many of our boys' amusements consist in bearing pain? grown children like to do the same from a different motive. You will more easily persuade a man to wear hair-cloth drawers, to flog himself, or swing upon a hook, than to conform to the plain rules of morality and common sense. I shall have occasion to look into this subject when writing of the spirit of Catholicism, which furnishes as good an illustration as the practices of the Hindoos. Here, in England, Calvinism is the popular faith. . . . Beyond all doubt, the religion of the Mexicans is the most diabolical that has ever existed. It is not, however, by any means so mischievous as the Brahminical system of caste, which, wherever it exists, has put a total stop to the amelioration of society. The Mexicans were rapidly advancing. Were you more at leisure, I should urge you to bestow a week's study upon the Spanish language, for the sake of the mass of information contained in their travellers and historians.

"God bless you!

R. S."

In 1806, an uncle of Southey's died, the wealthy solicitor of Taunton, mentioned in the autobiography. He was worth £40,000, left a large property to an out-of-the-way member of the family, and Southey, who might have been benefited by a portion and probably expected something, got nothing. For the benefit of rich old fellows in like pecuniary circumstances, we print the obituary (it may touch the heart of some miserable, moneyed, unsocial churl), which the poet-nephew knocked off, in verses no worse than the hero, on the occasion:—

"So thou art gone at last, old John,  
And hast left all from me:  
God give thee rest among the blessed—  
I lay no blame to thee.

"Nor marvel I, for though one blood  
Through both our veins was flowing,  
Full well I know, old man, no love  
From thee to me was owing.

"Thou hadst no anxious hopes for me,  
In the winning years of infancy,  
No joy in my up-growing;  
And when from the world's beaten way  
I turned 'mid rugged paths astray,  
No fears where I was going.

"It touched thee not if envy's voice  
Was busy with my name;  
Nor did it make thy heart rejoice  
To hear of my fair fame.

"Old man, thou liest upon thy bier,  
And none for thee will shed a tear!  
They'll give thee a stately funeral:  
With couch and hearse, and plume and pall;  
But they who follow will grieve no more  
Than the mutes who pace with their staves before.  
With a light heart and a cheerful face  
Will they put mourning on.  
And bespeak thee a marble monument,  
And think nothing more of Old John.

"An enviable death is his,  
Who, leaving none to deplore him,  
Hath yet a joy in his passing hour,  
Because all he loved have died before him.  
The monk, too, hath a joyful end,  
And well may welcome death like a friend,  
When the crucifix close to his heart is pressed,  
And he piously crosses his arms on his breast.  
And the brethren stand round him and sing him to rest,  
And tell him, as sure he believes, that anon,  
Receiving his crown, he shall sit on his throne,  
And sing in the choir of the blessed.

"But a hopeless sorrow it strikes to the heart,  
To think how men like thee depart.  
Unloving and joyless was thy life.

Unlamented was thine end;  
And neither in this world nor the next  
Hast thou a single friend:

None to weep for thee on earth—  
None to greet thee in heaven's hall;  
Father and mother, sister and brother—  
Thy heart had been shut to them all.

"Alas, old man, that this should be!  
One brother had raised up seed to thee;  
And hadst thou, in their hour of need,  
Cherished that dead brother's seed,  
Thrown wide thy doors, and called them in,  
How happy thine old age had been!  
Thou wert a barren tree, around whose trunk,  
Needing support, our tendrils should have clung;  
Then had thy sapless boughs  
With buds of hope and genial fruit been hung;  
Yea, with undying flowers,  
And wreaths for ever young."

It reminds us of the Alderman's Funeral in Southey's collected poems—a bitter satire on misapplied wealth.

*The Psalms.* Translated and Explained by J. A. Alexander, Professor of the Theological Seminary at Princeton. Vol. I. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

This Commentary is based on that of Hengstenberg, and its chief aim is that (in the words of the author) "it presents in a smaller compass, and a more familiar dress, the most valuable results of so masterly an exposition."

Our own examination has convinced us of its very great excellence, generally, as a popular commentary; indeed, the best we know of as a book to turn to, for those who use the Psalms constantly in their devotions. As such, then, we are disposed to notice one or two things, which we think are deficiencies in the work.

First, too little use is made of the discoveries of Bishop Lowth and others, as to the parallelisms in Hebrew poetry; and the supposition that many of the Psalms were composed to be sung by alternate choirs, too slightly spoken of. A knowledge of the structure of Hebrew poetry is of the greatest service in understanding the Psalms; and an edition of them metrically arranged, would make plain many things now puzzling to ordinary readers.

Secondly, we should be glad to see a more full discourse upon what are called the Imprecatory Psalms. The fact that these are so generally misunderstood, and, therefore, that their use is often profitless, should make this an essential thing in any Commentary for common use. We do not think Dr. Alexander full or satisfactory upon this point.

We are sorry to see, too, the twenty-fourth Psalm explained, without one word of mention of its explanation as a prophecy of the Ascension of our Lord. Its reference to that seems obvious, and as such it has ever been explained and used in the Church.

As a specimen of the lucid and exhaustive exposition of a single verse, and hence, as an instance of its value for popular reading, we extract the following upon Psalm 2d, ver. 7th.

"We have here another of those changes which impart to this Psalm a highly dramatic character. A third personage is introduced as speaking without any formal intimation in the text. As the first stanza (v. 1—3) closes with the words of the insurgents, and the second (v. 4—6) with the words of the Lord, so the third (v. 7—9) contains the language of the king described in the preceding verse, announcing with his own lips the law or constitution of his kingdom. *I will declare, or let me declare*, the same form of the verb as in v. 3, *the decree*, the statute, the organic law or constitution of my kingdom. The Hebrew word is followed by a preposition, which may be expressed in the English, without any change of sense, by rendering the clause *I will declare*, or make a declaration, i. e. a public formal announcement (*as*) to the law or constitution of any kingdom. This announcement is then made in an historical form, by reciting what had been said to the king at his inauguration or induction into office. *Jehovah said to me, My son (art) thou, this day have I begotten thee.* Whether this be regarded as a part of the decree or law itself, or as a mere preamble to it, the relation here described is evidently one which carried with it universal dominion as a necessary consequence, as well as one which justifies the use of the expression *my king*, in v. 6. It must be something more, then, than a figure for intense love or peculiar favor, something more than the filial relation which the theocratic kings, and Israel as a nation, bore to God. Nor will any explanation of the terms meet the requisitions of the context, except one which supposes the relation here described as manifest in time to rest on one essential and eternal. This alone accounts for the identification of the persons as possessing a common interest, and reigning with and in each other. This profound sense of the passage is no more excluded by the phrase *this day*, implying something recent, than the universality of Christ's dominion is excluded by local reference to Zion. The point of time, like the point of space, is the finite centre of an infinite circle. Besides, the mere form of the declaration is a part of the dramatic scenery or costume, with which the truth is here invested. The ideas of a king, a coronation, a hereditary succession, are all drawn from human and temporal associations. *This day have I begotten thee* may be considered, therefore, as referring only to the coronation of Messiah, which is an ideal one. The essential meaning of the phrase *I have begotten thee*, is simply this, *I am thy father*. The antithesis is perfectly identical with that in 2 Sam. vii. 14. 'I will be his father, and he shall be my son.' Had the same form of expression been used here, *this day am I thy father*, no reader would have understood *this day* as limiting the mutual relation of the parties, however it might limit to a certain point of time the formal recognition of it. It must also be observed, that even if *this day* be referred to the inception of the filial relation, it is thrown indefinitely back by the form of reminiscence of narration in the first clause of the verse. *Jehovah said to me*, but when? If understood to mean from everlasting or eternity, the form of expression would be perfectly in keeping with the other figurative forms by which the Scriptures represent things really ineffable, in human language. The opinion that this passage is applied by Paul in Acts xiii. 33, to Christ's resurrection, rests upon a misapprehension of the verb *raised up*, which has this specific meaning only when determined by the context, or the addition of the words *from the dead*, as in the next verse from the same chapter, which is so far from requiring the more general expressions of the preceding verse to be taken in the same sense, that it rather forbids such a construction, and shows that the two verses speak of different stages in the same great process,—first, the raising up of Jesus in the same sense in which God

is said to have raised him up in Acts ii. 30; iii. 22, 26; vii. 26; i. e. bringing him into being as a man, and then the raising up from the dead, which the Apostle himself introduces as another topic in Acts xiii. 34. There is nothing, therefore, inconsistent with the statement, that the Psalmist here speaks of eternal sonship, either in the passage just referred to, or in Heb. v. 5. where the words are only cited to prove the solemn recognition of Christ's sonship, and his consequent authority, by God himself. This recognition was repeated, and, as it were, realized, at our Saviour's baptism and transfiguration, when a voice from heaven said, 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him.'

*Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By George H. Miles. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

A THOUSAND dollars was much too much to be paid for this prize tragedy, *quâ* tragedy. It has not merit of any sort sufficient to render its intrinsic worth, as a play for the closet or the general stage, estimable in coin of the national currency.

What the writer of this production appears to have had in his mind was not a tragedy, but a *show-piece*—a piece in which a melodramatic actor could exhibit the points of his acting most effectively with the multitude, to the best advantage—where he could display that tinsel heroism which is so grateful to a large portion of our fellow citizens, who only relish emotion that is animalized; and who sympathize with an actor who ministers to their tastes, through the same qualities which lead them to enjoy the triumph of a victor in a pugilistic encounter. Just as pieces are written for the display of highly trained horses (as Mazeppa), elephants, man-monkeys (Jocko, the Brazilian Ape), and even exhibitions of physical human deformity, such as Hervio Nano—so a piece was projected in which the actor might present physical display and the embodiment of power. The author probably felt that something was required which would allow the hero to be victorious in the state, the field, and the lady's bower; victorious everywhere and over everything but death, who should at last conquer after such a struggle, as we can all imagine who have witnessed the exit of Spartacus and Metamora. Nothing suits this passion so well as mighty events, deeds of glorious renown, which decide the fate of kings and change the dynasties of empires. The chief humor is for a tyrant; to play Ereles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split; or again, like the worthy representative of Pyramus, play the lion too; roar, that he will do any man's heart good to hear him roar; that he will make the audience say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.* And for this purpose it is necessary that the whole interest of the piece should centre on this model individual, and his various exits and entrances. When he is off the stage the eyes of the spectators must be idly bent on him that enters next; and lest they should by any chance become interested in what is going on, by the excellence of some one of the stock company, there must be nothing striking in the under-plot—nothing but the regular old clap-trap of the stage—the whole must be *toned down* in all subordinate particulars that the brilliance of the Great Star may show brighter by contrasts.

This piece, Mohammed, is well adapted for exhibiting such a piece of stagery in its most popular phases. It opens with him sleeping on a rock (how well we know the shape of that rock); it shows him the mourning hus-

band, the inspired prophet, the winning lover, the warrior, and the statesman—in as many dresses and situations as characters—in a simple green turban, in robes as a monarch, in a white cloak which falls suddenly off, and reveals him in complete steel; finally, on his death bed, where he dies hard, as he ought. And the other scenes are well contrived to allow time to change the dresses and arrange the scenery. The whole is also fluently written in lines which fall readily into what should be styled the throaty cadence. There are no extravagances of expression; the whole has the merit of propriety.

But the verse is so very blank, and the piece so entirely rambling and disunited, that nothing but the use and audience required could save it. Its poetry is simply of that species disallowed on earth as well as above Olympus. It never changes its level; there is never a salient expression—not a paragraph that is fairly quotable as a specimen of the spirit of the whole—all being as like and as beautiful as so many bricks. The waters of Helicon could never have inspired such. If we speak with apparent severity, it is from unintended discourtesy towards Mr. Miles, who appears before the public as an amiable and gentlemanly writer, but in kindness to our readers, for whom it is our business to make what we consider a just and yet lenient estimate of the literary merit of his production.

*The Morning Watch. A Narrative. New York. Published for the Author, by G. P. Putnam. 1850.*

THIS (anonymous) poem is the offspring of a right religious feeling, and, if the author is a young person (which is most likely), is of some promise. Affixed at the end is an "Outline of the Narrative," after the style of the side notes to the Ancient Mariner, to which we are obliged to refer to understand the story, which is not enough apparent in the form itself, being swallowed up in a mass of rhapsodies. There we see that it is an allegory. Night comes down upon a traveller in a tropic land, upon a high bluff overlooking the sea. And a voice tells him that the night foreshadows dismay to the guilty, but that to some it promiseth a beautiful morning. And so Night symbolizeth Life. The traveller's limbs fail him, and he, perforce, must tarry. Then he recounteth the history of his life. In infancy he is taught the elements of religious knowledge; afterwards enters the world of action and trial, and becomes wicked. Reproaches and visions of his better days come to him through the beauty of nature, and thus he learneth a right lesson.

"And sitting in that ancient wood  
I caught the secret of it all;  
That all things beautiful are good;  
And all things good are beautiful!"

"As in the beauty of a tree,  
Obedient to the will of God,  
Knowing no other will, and free  
Of all his gifts—the warm rich sod  
About its branching feet—the visiting air;  
The travelling clouds in heaven, and its soft blue;  
The mist, the summer showers, the cool night dew;  
The light of stars, and moonlight, and the sun,  
And the still lightnings, when the battle's won;  
All things sweeter of the fair and good,  
It chooseth from the multitude;  
Chooseth joyfully and mute,  
To mingle with its flowers and fruit;  
And these it giveth unto Him;  
All which it hath."

The traveller sleepeth, seeth a vision of a world of the wretched, waketh, is taught to pray by the mountains and the sea, determines to sin no more, but to dream of a happy land, where there is no night, of which an old man tells him, goes in search of it, guided by a little cloud, discourseth much upon the way, and is still travelling on.

It is now the Morning Watch, and the traveller, concluding his story, asks the stranger to

"—— look forth and say how wears the night;  
Look well, and note if there be any change  
Eastward the mountains, where the southern range  
Crowds high the climbing sea."

But the stranger sees no gleam of morning anywhere.

"Night moves grandly on as ever;  
Bringing only in the breeze  
The cry of the sea-bird coming landward,  
And the dashing of the seas!"  
Then an angel taketh him away, and

"While the worlds bowl down the glittering deep,  
He will return no more."

The extracts we have made are of the best in the poem. In management it is inartificial, sometimes written with great carelessness as to the verse and rhyme, changing its measure often without law or fitness.

Yet the author has a true feeling for beauty, though much of the imagery is commonplace; and a fondness for sweet sounds, that leads him often to forget his measure. But in a young poet there is nothing we are more ready to pardon, and few more hopeful signs than such a sense of musical delight as leads him to sacrifice other things to it, and is his predominant feeling and pleasure at his work.

*The Golden Sands of Mexico. A Moral and Religious Tale: to which is added, True Riches, or the Reward of Self-Sacrifice. With Illustrations, by W. Croome. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston.*

THE first of these tales, which are stated to be "the productions of writers already favorably known to the public," introduces us to Mexico shortly after its conquest by the Spaniards. We find in a retired mountain village a Padre, surrounded by a simple-minded native population, whom he has converted to Christianity, and who look up to him with that simple, childlike faith which we can readily believe to be characteristic of the converts from heathenism. The Indians, who watch all his movements with awe and interest, are especially interested in his literary labors. They one day observe him drying a freshly written page with sand. The next day several of the leading chiefs disappear and are not seen for several days, when they return, bearing each to the Padre a small quantity of yellow sand. It is a sacrifice of the probabilities that the Padre does not at once discover that the sand in question is the genuine gold dust. The Spaniards' eyes were as sharp to detect that valuable commodity in those days, as our Californian countrymen are in ours; but he does not do so, sanding his ink indifferently with the new golden grains as if it were the old plebeian dust.

Having occasion to write to the capital, he sands his letters with gold dust. One is directed to a jeweller, who at once detects the quality of the adhering particles, and carefully removes them from the letter. We hear no more of this jeweller, another of the faulty places in the plot. We should naturally expect him to look after his correspondent, or at least cultivate his epistolary favors. Such a letter-writer, whose sentences overflowed with the real matter-of-fact grains, not your metaphorical ones of wit or wisdom, would be a desideratum. How popular would Californian correspondents become were they to adopt this happy practice! How sparkling would otherwise harsh and crabbed scrawls appear! What double emphasis would be given to their astounding facts if a grain of gold glittered in the point of the exclamation mark! How luminous and expressive John Smith would appear,



the familiar words traced out in golden scintillations! How acceptable the favors of "contributors!"

But we must return with the Indians to the Padre. They communicate the, to them strange, conduct of the jeweller, and the half surmise of the worthy man becomes a reality. The gold demon takes possession of him. He sends off the best members of his flock to gather gold for him; he reviles them on their return for bringing only sand and leaving the lumps. The Indians, warned by the fate of other regions of their land, keep the locale of the mine a profound secret, but they bring the Padre continual supplies, which he stores in his dwelling, forgetting, in his absorbing love to this his golden idol, the duties he owes to his flock. He finally communicates the knowledge of these facts to the government. Commissioners are immediately sent; the Indians are firm in their secrecy; they are given over to the torturers. Some die under the searing iron and the scourge, others are more speedily despatched. The remnant of the tribe, under the skilful guidance of one of their chiefs, and the aid of a cunning ruse, escape to a neighboring cave, while the suspicions of the soldiers are at last turned to the secret horde of the poor Padre, who already bitterly repentant of his course, sorrowing over the destruction of his flock, sees his hoard borne to the church, and its partition there made the cause of a riotous and bloody tumult. The Padre goes mad, and dies; the soldiers disperse over the country in search of the gold mine, and perish miserably by hunger, or the hands of the justly enraged natives. The gold mine is undiscovered, its mystery is well kept, and the knowledge of its position even has, it is said, long passed away from the savage tribes who surround its supposed entrance.

Such is the legend, told with some power and an agreeable simplicity of language, by the author. It may be commended to beguile the weary hours of sea life of the California-bound voyager; but perhaps it will be read with a keener appreciation of its lesson by the disabled digger, as he recruits his shattered constitution, and laves his rheumatic limbs in a San Francisco hospital.

*The Past, Present, and Future of the French Republic.* Translated from the French of Alphonse de Lamartine. (HARPER & BROTHERS.) M. de Lamartine, after a summary in a few paragraphs of the History of France, from 1848 to the present time, enters upon the defence of his schemes of public policy during his governmental career. This is followed by remarks upon Universal Suffrage, and the means by which it can be permanently established in France. The work, though partaking of the vagueness of French political writing, will interest those who have still any faith left in French politics.

*The Churchman's Manual: an Exposition of the Doctrines, Ministry, and Worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.* By the Rev. Benjamin Dorr, D.D. 3d ed. (Phila.: R. E. PETERSON.) This work is intended as a brief and popular summary of the doctrines and peculiarities of Episcopacy. It is not confined, as is the case with most works of its class, to the discussion of the primitive form of church government, and its transmission to our own days, but also contains an account of the great doctrines of Christianity, as taught by the Prayer Book. From this, the author passes to the Ministry of the Church, summing up briefly the subject of church government to which we have

referred. The third and concluding part embraces the worship of the Church, containing a history of the liturgy and a review of its several portions, showing their admirable adaptation to the purposes for which they are set forth.

*Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of King's Chapel, Boston.* (Boston: TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS.) A beautifully printed volume containing the garbled copy of the Book of Common Prayer, in use in King's Chapel, Boston. It is one of the most beautiful volumes, in paper, print, and binding, which we have ever received, and maintains the reputation enjoyed by the publishers of turning out from their establishment the most elegant books produced in the country.

*Hymns for Schools,* with appropriate selections from Scripture, and tunes suited to the metres of the hymns. By Charles D. Cleveland. (New York: MARK H. NEWMAN & Co., 1850.) Those teachers and pupils who are in the habit of singing at their schools, will find this a very appropriate text-book, containing many of the best hymns from the various Hymn Books; there being one for every day in the year, and others for occasional purposes. The names of appropriate tunes are also affixed, and the music of many of the best in ordinary use given at the end of the book. The compiler, speaking of the practice of singing in schools, says, "For myself, I would not continue my school a day without it. As an introduction to the duties of the day, nothing can be more chastening to the feelings, more animating to the spirits, more incentive to the faithful and conscientious discharge of duty, than singing an appropriate sacred song, replete with sentiments of piety, benevolence, and practical righteousness; impressing upon the heart, in the higher language of poetry, our duties to God, to each other, and to ourselves."

*Eighteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Mass. Asylum, for the Blind.* (Cambridge, 1850.) Dr. Howe, the able superintendent, seems to possess unusual powers in teaching these unfortunates, and his reports are matters of general interest. The Appendix B is an extremely interesting report, on Laura Bridgeman, the remarkable deaf, dumb, and blind girl. Her intellectual development advances regularly, and with a rapidity that would be creditable to those in possession of all their senses. She is now studying algebra, geography, and history, and is reading the "Neighbors," by Miss Bremer. Dr. Howe proposes that her friends should contribute and buy her an annuity, so that her future life may be one of certain ease, and that she may enjoy the assistance of some competent lady who might be to her as a companion and teacher.

*Lights and Shadows of Domestic Life, and other Stories.* By the authors of Rose and her Lamb, &c. (Boston: TICKNOR, REED, and FIELDS.) A volume of well written stories, from practised pens, calculated to aid in the instructions of the fireside and the domestic circle.

*Mothers of the Wise and Good.* By Jabez Burns, D.D. (Boston: GOULD, KENDALL, and LINCOLN.) Another volume of household improvement, in which some of the most illustrious examples of the world (how many more are there of which history takes no account!) of the mothers of great and good men, are brought to the reader's attention. There are the mothers of Bacon and Bishop Hall, of Colonel Gardiner, and Wesley, and of George Washington. These, with many others, are

celebrated by brief notices, the volume closing with a selection of appropriate poems and essays.

Of the many SERIAL publications of the day, we have from PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., Boston, Nos. 15, 16, and 17 of the octavo *Shakspeare*, with portraits by Wright of Luciana, Lady Macbeth, and Constance, illustrating the respective plays. The recommendation of the edition, besides these well executed steel engravings, is the large text and desirable form for preservation in families. The notes are few, but judicious. The same publishers supply the earliest edition, simultaneously with the English publication of *Carlyle's Latter-Day Pamphlets*. No. 6 of these is occupied with "Parliaments," sustaining the author's well-known powers (occasionally weakened by diffuseness and a logic so far in advance of, or aside from action, as to be impracticable) of forcible expression, and invective against the times. The next number is to be devoted to Hudson, the Railway King. WILKINS, CARTER & Co. issue with promptness the successive numbers of *S. G. Goodrich's History of all Nations*. The 14th number of this comprehensive work is occupied with the Hindoos. The tact and acumen of the editor eminently qualify him for this undertaking. The wood-cut illustrations are numerous. TALLIS, WILLOUGHBY & Co. have commenced the publication, in quarto form, with large type, of *Fleetwood's Life of Christ*, with a series of original illustrations, steel engravings, in each number, after the designs of Warren, the president of the New Water Color Society of London, whose knowledge of Eastern life has been recently illustrated in the Egyptian panorama exhibited by Mr. Gliddon. The work promises to be a good family edition. Messrs. Tallis & Co. have also ready parts 2 to 6 of *R. Montgomery Martin's* illustrations, historical, geographical, and economical, of the *British Colonies*. These numbers of this valuable work of reference are occupied with Canada, the history of which is given, its topography, social condition, &c., illustrated by portraits of the great personages of the era of its settlement, and three excellent maps of its different divisions. We have also the latest numbers to No. 8 of *Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call* from this house, which sustains the character in its letter-press and engravings, we might fairly expect from the well-known tastes of the editor, whose story, "The History of a Human Heart," forms monthly a substantial portion of its contents.

PUTNAM has received Nos. 4 and 5 of *Mrs. Loudon's Ladies' Companion*, which sustains its character as the fullest, most valuable, and not least attractive of the ladies' magazines. Among the specialties are the continuations of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's papers on Shakspeare; an excellent series, illustrated, on the Mediæval Exhibition; the editor's garden and cottage subjects; and generally, matter of domestic economy practical and available for the times. With this and other competition, the American magazines are brushing up. The July numbers of *Graham, Sartain*, and *Peterson's* magazines come to us from the agents, DEWITT AND DAVENPORT, with new attractions of engravings and letter-press. The best contributors are employed, and artists at home and abroad, to render this work attractive. An amply illustrated paper on William Penn, with an engraving of the youthful portrait in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, is the leading attraction of Sartain. Graham has a biography of the editor newly returned to

the proprietorship; and a characteristic, well executed portrait of Jenny Lind. VIRTUE'S Pictorial Edition of Byron has advanced into Don Juan with the 22d number. The notes of Murray's best edition are added to the text. The sixth volume of Bohn's edition of *Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain* has been received by BANGS, PLATT & Co., bringing us down to the celebrities of the days of Charles I. and II. This work has the superior merit of good execution and thorough fidelity, as well in the portraits as the text; the latter having been a labor of love with the learned and painstaking antiquarian editor. It is a valuable addition to the most limited collection of historical volumes. The *Classical Series* of the same publishers now includes a new and carefully prepared edition of Davidson's literal prose translation of *Virgil*.

MRS. ANITA GEORGE'S ANNALS OF THE QUEENS OF SPAIN.

In many cases our infirmities take the shape of virtues, and *negative* injustice becomes a positive recommendation of character. We are blind to the faults of those we love—of our parents, kindred, and friends; and the judgment that could accurately detect and weigh all their defects might be very acute, but would argue very poorly for the heart to which it was joined. So it is honorable to overlook the minor faults of our benefactors. True, this principle has a limit, and the authoress of the *Annals of the Queens of Spain* thinks it has been pushed too far in the case of ISABELLA OF SPAIN. The friend and patron of Columbus, who stood by him in his dark hours, and out of respect to his genius and character sent her ships on that apparently returnless voyage, must always be held in reverence by the inhabitants of this new world. Still, it is nevertheless true, that her sympathy with the great discoverer would not make her a wise queen at home; nor would the placing a new world at her feet render her laws just, or her policy sound. To look at her as the friend of Columbus is one thing; to view her as the administrator of justice to her subjects quite another.

We would not express an opinion upon her merits as a Spanish queen, but when there are two sides to a subject our motto is "*audi alteram partem*," and the following extract from the forthcoming second volume of Mrs. George will be read with interest. Whatever the reader may think of the views it contains, he will acknowledge at least that it is strongly and boldly written, and gives a rich promise of the volume which it heralds. As she approaches the exciting scenes that occurred during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and passes down to modern times, we expect to see the fire of Spanish blood which has been kept under while giving dry statutes of the queens of the separate provinces of Spain, about whom so little is known, and who, probably, did so little worth knowing. But to the extract:—

ISABEL, THE CATHOLIC

Queen, in her own right, of Castile, 1474—  
and, by marriage, of Aragon, 1479.

The glorious events that during the reign of Isabel elevated the Spanish monarchy to a height of splendor, presenting a startling contrast with the state of prostration to which a portion of it had been reduced under her immediate predecessor, encircled that sovereign with so brilliant a halo, that the dazzled eyes of her national historiographers have overlooked her defects; and, seen through the long vista of ages, her character would appear

faultless had not the less partial pens of foreign writers revealed some blemishes.

I am well aware that the iconoclast, who with daring hand attempts to displace the so long admired image from its pedestal, and reveals the secret mechanism that worked its wonders, will incur the disapprobation of a host of worshippers; but, while admiring in the pages of the past the towering edifice of which the massive fragments dispersed hither and thither alone remain, I will not refrain from endeavoring to ascertain the causes that led to its downfall; and trace to its sources the degradation and poverty that have succeeded to such wealth and power, and found the records of the past ever pointing to the unwise architect who wasted his priceless materials in building, not on the enduring rock, but on the false sands. Still, while I cannot but perceive and deplore the error that dictated its unstable foundation, I am not blind to the beauties of the structure.

Isabel, though not gifted with the genius that creates circumstances, was endowed with the good sense that perceives and takes advantage of them. Though unfortunately tinctured with a superstitious and fanatical zeal, excessive even for that age; though her firmness frequently degenerated into obstinacy, and her care for the interests of the people too often assumed the aspect of a selfish jealousy of her own authority, and of an excessive love of power; yet, on the other hand, she possessed qualities that eminently fitted her for the emergencies of those times. Born at such a distance from the throne as, while it precluded her being exposed to the evil effects of the adulation attributed to its immediate heir, still allowed her to indulge the hope of one day occupying it, the rough school of adversity had early developed her natural abilities; while the peculiar situation in which she was placed contributed to sweeten a temper, naturally neither irritable nor violent. She found that prudence, patience, and mildness would advance her fortunes, while a cold ungracious demeanor, and frowning brow, and harsh words might ruin them; and learnt to subdue every outward demonstration of temper so long as it would have been unsafe to indulge it.

Though, at the time of her marriage, a mere girl in years, she had passed through a variety of fortunes, that had imparted to her youthful mind the experience of mature age. Quick of observation, she detected the weak points of those she wished to gain to her side, and neglected none of those arts of condescension so charming in those of superior rank, but particularly calculated in a female sovereign to win the hearts of her subjects. Full of energy, promptness, and decision, fertile in resources, undaunted by peril, undismayed by defeat, Isabel possessed, moreover, the essential talent that subsequently contributed, in England, to make of an ordinary woman a great queen. She chose her ministers well; and the credit of those great and successful schemes was given to the sovereign, while the odium of her unpopular acts fell on her counsellors. The tact and consummate political address she displayed in her contest with Enrique, and in her marriage contract, prove the docility with which she listened to the judicious counsels of her friends, the archbishops of Toledo, and the admiral don Fadrique; men, who, born amid the tempestuous commotions of civil wars, were well versed in the difficult tactics of faction. That she was not too scrupulous in her adherence to her promises when the fulfilment interfered with her interests, the violations of the articles of capitulation of Almeria and Guadir bear wit-

ness. She humbled the power of the nobles, a power that had, under the last two monarchs, become so formidable as to menace royalty itself; but, on the other hand, she erected one far more dangerous to prince and people, when she sanctified the Inquisition. Excellent institutions sprang up at her command, but at their very foundations were sown the seeds of the destructive principle that was to neutralize their beneficial results. A slave to her confessor, she adopted a religious code that seemed to have emanated from the councils of the great enemy of man; and the cruel fanaticism with which she sanctioned the wholesale murder, the extermination of the gallant Moors, and the exile of the unhappy Jews, cannot, even at this distance of time, be viewed without horror and disgust. The mistaken zeal that brought a corrupt and bloodstained religion to influence every act and preside in every department, gave birth to a system that has unfortunately been maintained ever since, and been productive of the worst results. So long as the successors of Isabel were princes of genius and strong intellect, the evil effects of the system she had introduced, were not felt; but from the day the occupants of the Spanish throne lacked firmness and talent, the gorgeous fabric she had erected tottered to its rotten base. The good she did was apparent, evanescent; while the evil had strong roots that spread far and wide through the rich soil, poisoning the once pure atmosphere with its deleterious blossoms for centuries. Isabel has been vindicated on the plea that her enthusiasm, while it overleaped the bounds of reason and entailed misery on every succeeding generation, was sincere—a poor consolation to the outraged, ruined, tortured, massacred, and exiled thousands of her own day; and in subsequent ages, to the martyr her intolerant laws bound to the stake; to the enlightened patriot, who beheld his country fast sinking in the scale of nations and dying of premature old age; to the man of letters, whose genius was clogged, cramped, by the fetters she had forged; to the peasant whose untilled fields proved his despair of reaping the fruits of his soil; to the merchant, the mechanic, whose industry was paralysed—to these crushed millions, what mattered it that the originator of the curse was conscientious in her infliction of wrong! Yet Isabel was prone to lenity, when religious fanaticism had not extinguished charity. Diligent and methodical, she was ever striving to improve her mind; and even amid the multifarious cares of government, after her marriage, she labored to supply the deficiencies of her early education, and in the space of a twelvemonth acquired such a knowledge of Latin as enabled her to read and speak it correctly. The uncontaminated purity of her morals, the exquisite modesty of her demeanor, her well regulated habits of industry and inestimable qualities that eminently fitted her to adorn any station, and, in the retirement of private life, as a daughter, a wife, and a mother, Isabel was faultless; as a queen, she was responsible to a nation for all her public acts, and had no right to bring her own passions to bear on its welfare.

SYDNEY SMITH-IANA.

(Continued.)

MAN'S LONGEVITY AND WISDOM.

ONE cause of that superiority I conceive to be, his longevity: without it, that accumulation of experience in action, and of knowledge in speculation, could not have existed, and though man would still have been the first of all animals, the difference between him and others would have been less considerable than it now is. The wisdom of



a man is made up of what he observes, and what others observe for him; and of course the sum of what he can acquire must principally depend upon the time in which he can acquire it. All that we add to our knowledge is not an increase, by that exact proportion, of all we possess; because we lose some things as we gain others; but upon the whole, while the body and mind remain healthy, an active man increases in intelligence, and consequently in power. If we lived seven hundred years instead of seventy, we should write better epic poems, build better houses, and invent more complicated mechanism, than we do now. I should question very much if Mr. Milne could build a bridge so well as a gentleman who had engaged in that occupation seven centuries: and if I had only two hundred years' experience in lecturing on moral philosophy, I am well convinced I should do it a little better than I do now. On the contrary, how diminutive and absurd all the efforts of man would have been if the duration of his life had only been twenty years, and if he had died of old age just at that period when every human being begins to suspect that he is the wisest and most extraordinary person that ever did exist! I think it is Helvetius who says, he is quite certain we only owe our superiority over the orang-outangs to the greater length of life conceded to us; and that if our life had been as short as theirs, they would have totally defeated us in the competition for nuts and ripe blackberries. I can hardly agree to this extravagant statement; but I think, in a life of twenty years, the efforts of the human mind would have been so considerably lowered, that we might probably have thought Helvetius a good philosopher, and admired his sceptical absurdities as some of the greatest efforts of the human understanding. Sir Richard Blackmore would have been our greatest poet; our wit would have been Dutch; our faith, French; the Hottentots would have given us the model for manners, and the Turks for government; and we might probably have been such miserable reasoners respecting the sacred truths of religion, that we should have thought they wanted the support of a puny and childish jealousy of the poor beasts that perish.

## A MOTIVE FOR STUDY.

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is, to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts. Nothing short of some such powerful motive, can drive a young person, in the full possession of health and bodily activity, to such an unnatural and such an unobvious mode of passing his life, as study. But this is the way that intellectual greatness often begins. The trophies of Miltiades drive away sleep. A young man sees the honor in which knowledge is held by his fellow-creatures; and he surrenders every present gratification, that he may gain them. The honor in which living genius is held, the trophies by which it is adorned after life, it receives and enjoys from the feelings of men,—not from their sense of duty; but men never obey this feeling without discharging the first of all duties; without securing the rise and growth of genius, and increasing the dignity of our nature, by enlarging the dominion of mind. No eminent man was ever yet rewarded in vain; no breath of praise was ever idly lavished upon him; it has never yet been idle and foolish to rear up splendid monuments to his name: the rumor of these things impels young minds to the noblest exertions, creates in them an empire over present passions, inures them to the severest toils, determines them to live only for the use of others, and to leave a great and lasting memorial behind them.

## HEARTY READING.

Curiosity is a passion very favorable to the love of study; and a passion very susceptible of increase by cultivation. Sound travels so many feet in a second; and light travels so many feet in a second. Nothing more probable: but you do not care how light and sound travel. Very likely: but make yourself care; get up, shake yourself well, pretend to care, make believe to care; and

very soon you will care, and care so much, that you will sit for hours thinking about light and sound, and be extremely angry with any one who interrupts you in your pursuit; and tolerate no other conversation but about light and sound; and catch yourself plaguing everybody to death who approaches you, with the discussion of these subjects. I am sure that a man ought to read as he would grasp a nettle:—do it lightly and you get molested; grasp it with all your strength, and you feel none of its asperities. There is nothing so horrible as languid study; when you sit looking at the clock, wishing the time was over, or that somebody would call on you and put you out of your misery. The only way to read with any efficacy, is to read so heartily that dinner-time comes two hours before you expected it. To sit with your Livy before you, and hear the geese cackling that saved the capital; and to see with your own eyes the Carthaginian suttlers gathering up the rings of the Roman knights after the battle of Cannæ, and heaping them into bushels; and to be so intimately present at the actions you are reading of, that when anybody knocks at the door, it will take you two or three seconds to determine whether you are in your own study or in the plains of Lombardy, looking at Hannibal's weather-beaten face, and admiring the splendor of his single eye;—this is the only kind of study which is not tiresome, and almost the only kind which is not useless: this is the knowledge which gets into the system, and which a man carries about and uses like his limbs, without perceiving that it is extraneous, weighty, or inconvenient.

## THE ART OF THINKING.

One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking, is to think over some subject before you read upon it; and then to observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted, and in what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch a great manner of viewing a question. It is right in study, not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time to review what has passed; to dwell upon it and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit of some minds, to refer all the particular truths, which strike them, to other truths more general; so that their knowledge is beautifully methodized; and the general truth at any time suggests all the particular exemplifications, or any particular exemplification at once leads to the general truth. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another, without the least attempt at classification and arrangement. Some men always read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its reappearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding, must, I should suppose, depend a great deal upon the particular understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation; others little with it; some are fountains, some reservoirs.

## Original Poetry.

## THE PILGRIMAGE OF LOVE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

Those who have read the history of "Little Emily," and her foster-father's search for his erring child,—so beautifully delineated by Dickens, will recognise the basis of this little Poem.

Oh, lone old man! Pathetic in thy meekness!

Who does not follow thee with loving heart,  
As nursing all of sorrow but its weakness,  
We see thee on thy pilgrimage depart.

No guide, save the instinct and hidden yearning  
Of love that watched her guileless infancy,  
And memory of her fancy ever turning  
Towards the chiming of the far blue sea.

Alone he wandered by the winding rivers,  
And o'er the "vine-clad hills" of sunny France,  
Where in the moonlight rustling foliage quivers,  
With soft faint shadow o'er the peasants' dance.

The village matrons watched for his returning  
Near that famed pilgrim-nest, the roadside cross,  
Some by like grief his desolation learning,  
And all with sympathy for his great loss.

Their children to his arms came fondly smiling,  
Yet brought with fond caress a thrilling pain,  
And thoughts of one who once his care beguiling,  
Near his strong heart her bright young head had lain.

Sometimes he trod where she had passed before,  
him,

In the soft impress of her tiny foot,  
But of her welfare, winds low sighing o'er him,  
The sparkling waters, and the flowers were  
mute.

Then onward still, upborne by hope, he wandered,  
Strong in the faith of winning her at last,—  
While on his weary way, he darkly pondered,  
O'er the fair picture of her childhood past.

And by her love and innocent devotion  
To all things beautiful, and pure, and true,  
When thus beside the restless heaving ocean  
To thoughtful womanhood the young child  
grew,—

He felt she might be won from the deceiver  
To tread once more the narrow path of peace,  
To those fond arms long waiting to receive her,  
Where all her weariness and care should cease.

Is there no lesson in this mournful story?  
This patient seeking for an erring child!  
While strength was spent, and raven locks grew  
hoary,

With spirit of forgiveness, still and mild?  
Are there no lost ones wandering unforgiven,  
Looking in vain for mercy to thy hand?  
What though all ties their own misdeeds have  
ripen,—

Canst thou not link again the silver band?  
Accept their penitence and deep contrition,  
Invoke a blessing as in days of old,—  
This is the teaching of our Master's mission,  
"Leave all—to seek the lost one of the fold."

## The Fine Arts.

## A MODEL COUNTRY VILLAGE.

MR. DOWNING'S Horticulturist slips in at this season, amongst our pile of monthlies, with something in its cheerful page of the aroma of the country about it, reminding us of the exuberant bouquets or brimming baskets of fruit which country denizens sometimes favor their pent-up city friends with. Mr. Downing's leader is always on something pleasant and available, and the topic of this month is peculiarly so in reference to the present improvement and speculating movement in country lots and cottages on the Hudson. Cannot some speculators (we think they would find Mr. Downing's recommendations profitable) be found to carry out his tempting plan of an Ornamental Village?

"In no country, perhaps, are there so many new villages and towns laid out every year as in the United States. Indeed, so large is the number, that the builders and projectors are fairly at a loss for names,—ancient and modern history having been literally worn threadbare by the god-fathers, until all association with great heroes and mighty deeds is fairly beggared by this rechristening going on in our new settlements and future towns, as yet only populous to the extent of six houses. And notwithstanding the apparent vastness of our territory, the growth of new towns and new states is so wonderful—fifteen or twenty years giving a population of hundreds of thousands, where all was wilderness before—that the plan and arrangement of new towns ought to be a matter of na-

tional importance. And yet, to judge by the manner in which we see the thing done, there has not, in the whole duration of the republic, been a single word said, or a single plan formed, calculated to embody past experience, or to assist in any way the laying out of a village or town.

"We have been the more struck by this fact in observing the efforts of some companies who have lately, upon the Hudson, within some twenty or more miles of New York, undertaken to lay out rural villages, with some pretension to taste and comfort; and aim, at least, at combining the advantages of the country with easy railroad access to them.

"Our readers most interested in such matters as this (and taking our principal cities together it is a pretty large class), will be interested to know what is the beau-ideal of these companies, who undertake to buy tracts of land, lay them out in the best manner, and form the most complete and attractive rural villages, in order to tempt those tired of the way-worn life of sidewalks, into a neighborhood where, without losing society, they can see the horizon, breathe the fresh air, and walk upon elastic green-sward.

"Well, the beau-ideal of these newly planned villages is not down to the zero of dirty lanes and shadeless roadsides; but it rises, we are sorry to say, no higher than streets, lined on each side with shade trees, and bordered with rows of houses. For the most part, those houses—cottages we presume—are to be built on 50 feet lots; or if any buyer is not satisfied with that amount of elbow room, he may buy two lots, though certain that his neighbor will still be within 20 feet of his fence. And this is the sum total of the rural beauty, convenience, and comfort of the latest plan for a rural village in the Union.\* The buyer gets nothing more than he has in town, save his little patch of back and front yard, a little peep down the street, looking one way at the river, and the other way at the sky. So far from gaining anything which all inhabitants of a village should gain by the combination, one of these new villagers actually loses; for if he were to go by himself he would buy land cheaper, and have a fresh landscape of fields and hills around him, instead of houses on all sides, almost as closely placed as in the city, which he has endeavored to fly from.

"Now a rural village—newly planned in the suburbs of a great city, and planned, too, specially for those whose circumstances will allow them to own a tasteful cottage in such a village—should present attractions much higher than this. It should aim at something higher than mere rows of houses upon streets crossing each other at right angles, and bordered with shade trees. Any one may find as good shade trees, and much better houses, in certain streets of the city which he leaves behind him; and if he is to give up fifty conveniences and comforts, long enjoyed in town, for the mere fact of fresh air, he had better take board during the summer months in some snug farm-house as before.

"The indispensable desiderata in rural villages of this kind, are the following:—1st, a large open space, common, or park, situated in the middle of the village—not less than twenty acres; and better, if fifty or more in extent. This should be well planted with groups of trees, and kept as a lawn. The expense of mowing it would be paid by the grass in some cases; and in others a considerable part of the space might be inclosed with a wire fence, and fed by sheep or cows, like many of the public parks in England.

"This park would be the nucleus, or *heart of the village*, and would give it an essentially rural character. Around it should be grouped all the best cottages and residences of the place; and this would be secured by selling no lots fronting upon it of less than one fourth of an acre in extent. Wide streets, with rows of elms or maples,

\* We say *plan*, but we do not mean to include in this such villages as Northampton, Brookline, etc., beautiful and tasteful as they are. But they are in Massachusetts!

should diverge from the park on each side, and upon these streets smaller lots, but not smaller than 100 feet front, should be sold for smaller cottages.

"In this way we would secure to our village a permanent rural character; first, by the possession of a large central space, always devoted to park or pleasure ground, and always held as joint property, and for the common use of the whole village; second, by the imperative arrangement of cottages or dwellings around it, in such a way as to secure in all parts of the village sufficient space, view, circulation of air, and broad, well-planted avenues of shade trees.

"After such a village was built, and the central park planted a few years, the inhabitants would not be contented with the mere meadow and trees, usually called a park in this country. By submitting to a small annual tax per family, they could turn the whole park, if small, or considerable portions, here and there, if large, into pleasure-grounds. In the latter there would be collected, by the combined means of the village, all the rare, hardy shrubs, trees, and plants, usually found in the private grounds of any amateur in America. Beds and masses of everblooming roses, sweet-scented climbers, and the richest shrubs, would thus be open to the enjoyment of all during the whole growing season. Those who had neither the means, time, nor inclination to devote to the culture of private pleasure-grounds, could thus enjoy those which belonged to all. Others might prefer to devote their own garden to fruits and vegetables, since the pleasure-grounds, which belonged to all, and which all would enjoy, would, by their greater breadth and magnitude, offer beauties and enjoyments which few private gardens can give.

"The next step, after the possession of such public pleasure-grounds, would be the social and common enjoyment of them. Upon the well-mown glades of lawn, and beneath the shade of the forest trees, would be formed rustic seats. Little arbors would be placed near, where in mid-summer evenings ices would be served to all who wished them. And, little by little, the musical taste of the village (with the help of those good musical folks—the German emigrants), would organize itself into a band, which would occasionally delight the ears of all frequenters of the park with popular airs.

"Do we over-rate the mental and moral influences of such a common ground of entertainment as this, when we say that the inhabitants of such a village—enjoying in this way a common interest in flowers, trees, the fresh air and sweet music, daily—would have something more healthful than the ordinary life of cities, and more refining and elevating than the common gossip of country villages?

"Ah! I see, Mr. Editor, you are a bit of a communist.\* By no means. On the contrary, we believe, above all things under heaven, in the power and virtue of the *individual home*. We devote our life and humble efforts to raising its condition. But people *must* live in towns and villages, and therefore let us raise the condition of towns and villages, and especially of rural towns and villages, by all possible means!

"But we are *republican*; and, shall we confess it, we are a little vexed that as a people generally, we do not see how much in America we lose by not using the advantages of republicanism. We mean now, for refined culture, physical comfort, and the like. Republican *education* we are now beginning pretty well to understand the value of; and it will not be long before it will be hard to find a native citizen who cannot read and write. And this comes by making every man see what a great moral and intellectual good comes from cheerfully bearing a part in the burden of popular education. Let us next take up popular refinement in the arts, manners, social life, and innocent enjoyments, and we shall see what a virtuous and educated republic can really become.

"Besides this, it is the proper duty of the state, that is, *the people*—to do in this way what the

reigning power does in a monarchy. If the kings and princes in Germany, and the sovereign of England, have made magnificent parks and pleasure-gardens, and thrown them wide open for the enjoyment of all classes of the people (the latter, after all, having to pay for it), may it not be that our sovereign *people* will (far more cheaply, as they may) make and support these great and healthy sources of pleasure and refinement for themselves in America? We believe so; and we confidently wait for the time when public parks, public gardens, public galleries, and tasteful villages, shall be among the peculiar features of our happy republic."

## The Drama.

### MR. COOPER'S NEW COMEDY.

ALTHOUGH the new piece, "Upside-down, or Philosophy in Petticoats," presented at Burton's the first time last Tuesday night, was only described on the bills as by "an American author of celebrity," there can be no possibility of mistake in fixing its paternity more definitely, from internal evidence. No one but Mr. Cooper could have produced such a singular exhibition of his individualities; and the only wonder is, how he should have been able to have presented such another caricature of himself, as he appears in his later novels, without seeming to be aware that he was doing so. We feel almost inclined to reverse the exclamation of the French Lord, respecting Parolles, in "All's Well that Ends Well," instead of "can this man know what he is and be that he is?" we are puzzled to decide how Mr. Cooper can be what he is and *not* know himself to be what he is. He presents such a curious agglomeration of opposite qualities, that one would suppose he must be laughing at the singular figure he himself cuts all the while he is attempting to ridicule the follies of the time.

This comedy, as its title indicates, was written to satirize some of the prevalent notions about Communism, Woman's Rights, the law reducing marriage to a mere civil contract, the facility of divorce, the New Code, Anti-rent, &c. &c., the same which have excited its author's ire in all his recent writings. Its principal character, Mr. Richard Lovel (Burton), is an old gentleman with the gout, a bachelor, residing in the Seventh Avenue. He is guardian to Miss Emily (Mrs. Russell), who is engaged to Frank Lovel (Jordan), her nephew. Frank gets infected with new-fangled notions about Socialism, from attending the lectures of Dr. M'Social (Bass), a lecturer on Communism, and his sister, Miss Sophia M'Social (Mrs. Hughes), a female philosopher. The plot of the piece turns on the endeavors of Miss Emily and her guardian to undeceive him. The principal incident is, that the guardian is drawn into accepting a proposal of marriage, from the female philosopher, under the notion that by so doing she will have delicacy enough to be disgusted, and refuse him. On the contrary, she contrives to have a witness at hand, and the old bachelor (as marriage is merely a civil contract) finds himself in for it. In the end, however, she is induced to abandon her claim, and the play ends, of course, with the reformation of the nephew, and his marriage with Miss Emily. There are several other personages who, however, have little to do with the plot; among the rest, a Cato (admirably done by Johnston) and Dinah, old house servants, &c., such as Cooper is fond of introducing in his novels.

The piece moves off extremely slow, the characters not appearing much interested in what they have to do, but preferring to "express their sentiments" on the topics of the



day. The plot has no probability, and the satire is so universal, that it is pointless. There are good hits of course, bold expressions of opinions, and a rough testy way of touching up social follies, here and there; but, as a whole, the humor of the thing fails, because one is never certain what the author is driving at—what principles or leading ideas he has in his mind. In all these respects, the play is but a younger brother of the *Monikins*, *Home as Found*, and the like. It is not dramatic, and is without the least attraction of stage effect. It might rather be called a lecture against, mixed up with one for, all sorts of "new light," and thrown into a dramatic form to make a palatable mixture, than a comedy.

That it was received with so commendable a patience by a very respectable audience, was owing in a great measure to the excellence of the acting in the principal parts, particularly the old bachelor by Burton, which was as fine an instance of an actor's carrying off a heavy piece, by the excellence of his performance, as we wish to see. The Scotch Communist lecturer, by Mr. Bass, was also excellent; the more so, as it must have been an entire new creation of the fancy, since no such person ever was, or ever could be found in actual life.

Had Mr. Cooper confined himself to satirizing Communist notions, as they are put forth by the Fourierite school, he might possibly have made something more telling—something that might be felt, where a little satire is the best argument. But he has never succeeded in his pictures of society, and we do not think it is his vocation to attempt such. He is at home only in the forest, or on the ocean, or prairie, where we have all been so often delighted to accompany him.

### Facts and Opinions.

The pretensions of Mr. Henry M. Paine, of Worcester, Mass., to the discovery of certain new laws in electrical science, will soon be brought to the trial of a practical test in the Astor House. Mr. Paine conceals the means whereby he effects the results he claims to have discovered. When his *Arcana Electrica* are revealed to the public, we may be better able to decide how much truth and science are indebted to Mr. Paine. The machinery he conceals as yet for a very proper cause, because he intends to patent his process in England previously to doing so here. All very good; our advice is that no speculative individuals should take out a patent in the United Kingdom or the Colonies, to head Mr. P. off, till they have a better foundation than he has as yet shown. We believe that the first intimation given by Mr. Paine of his discovery was in the form of a challenge somewhat in the style of Kepler, and the mathematicians of his day, when announcing their scientific triumphs, which appeared in the columns of the "*Scientific American*," of this city, and called on all inventors in the world to make trial of their wits on the same problem for the space of one year, and at the same time pointing out the means of effecting the result he claimed to have discovered, the rapid decomposition of water by means of electricity for purposes of illumination; these means he then stated were, if we remember, friction and lime. During the summer of 1849, and within the year, other statements appeared in various papers, among them one or two communications in the *Sun*, and one in the *Arkansas State Gazette*, claiming for Mr. Paine the accomplishment of the decomposition of water by a magneto-electrical machine. Some time after a still more startling discovery was announced by Mr. Paine, that he had succeeded in insulating the electric fluid, and compressing it; that he could prove experimentally

its gravity and other material properties, belonging to ponderable and extensible bodies. Now Mr. Paine comes to the city of New York and claims to be able not to decompose water, but to form hydrogen gas by uniting water, which is stated to be a simple substance, with negative electricity, while at the same time, by furnishing positive electricity to the same water, oxygen might be derived. This is the last phase of the alleged discovery, which, if true, is a revolution in the scientific world sufficient to make sceptics even where experiment had apparently been most assured.

A project, says a Cor. of the *Courier*, has been some time in agitation for erecting a stupendous Hotel on the site of Bowling Green Row, in the lower part of Broadway. The general plan of the enterprise is to purchase the property known as the Bowling Green Row, extending from State Street to Whitehall, a distance of 250 feet, and running back 150 feet in each of the above-named streets. Upon this site it is proposed to erect a *first class Hotel*, with, say, six stores, adapted to the wholesale dry goods business, underneath it. It is also contemplated to widen Whitehall street on the west side, 19 feet, and change its name to Broadway. It is estimated that the whole amount of funds necessary to purchase the site, and erect and furnish in an elegant manner the hotel, is about \$450,000. It is ascertained that the stores intended to be built in connexion with the hotel, will command a rent of \$3000 per annum each—say, \$18,000; and that the hotel will rent for \$18,000, making in all \$36,000, equal to an interest of, say 8 per cent. upon the investment. It is proposed to accomplish the object with funds raised by means of a stock company.

A bit of penny-a-lining is amusing the readers of English papers, credited to the *Glasgow Advertiser*, touching the appearance of the steamer "*Atlantic*," which seems to have made a sensation on the other side. "We have had," says that Journal, "a drawing of the bow and figure-head of the new American steamship *Atlantic* sent to us, the latter of which, we confess, eclipses everything that ever came within our nautical experience. It represents an animal that we don't think ever existed in the heavens above or the earth beneath, but which comes up to the idea of Jonathan's favorite nondescript, 'half-horse, half-alligator,' in some degree. It has the head of Old Nick, with the tail of a trident, and is supposed to be blowing a horn. The following conversation regarding it took place at New York betwixt a Yankee and the English agent of another steam concern. Scene, the wharf; agent standing in wonder and admiration; stranger approaches, and loquitur. Stranger: 'That's a great piece of carving, sir, isn't it?' Agent: 'It is. Guess we are making rapid strides in the fine arts in this country.' Stranger: 'Yes, sir. I reckon it will take Johnnie a pretty tight squeeze to match that.' Agent: 'No doubt of it. I'm sure he'll be astonished.' Stranger: 'Yes. But pray, sir, what is it?' Agent: 'Don't know, unless it be a portrait of Mr. Collins, blowing his own trumpet.' Stranger: 'Yah! I calculate you're a bad egg, a right down Britisher. But stay till she makes the passage in seven days, as she's shure to do! you won't snivel so much, guess you won't.' Exit stranger. *Manet* agent to finish his giggle."

Mr. Bristed, in his Letter to Horace Mann, records his individual observations of American Aristocracy. "I do not mean to say that there is no aristocracy in the country—that is to say, no set or sets of men who use their own so as to abuse their neighbors', who infringe upon other people's rights, and exercise a tyranny over other people's amusements and occupations. There is a sufficiency of such aristocracy among us; so far as my observation has extended, it is composed chiefly of the following classes: 1st, Omnibus drivers; 2d, Hotel keepers; 3d, Newspaper editors; 4th, Blackguards and row-

dies generally, such as the people who stormed the Opera House and drove Macready out of New York."

The Temple of Nauvoo, erected by the Mormons, finished in 1845, partially burnt in October, 1848, having but its four walls left—all its timber works having been consumed by the flames—was destroyed by a hurricane on the 27th ult. On arriving at Nauvoo in March, 1849, the Icarian Community bought this Temple with a view to refit it for schools, studying and meeting halls, &c., and many men were employed in adapting the building to those uses, when a frightful hurricane burst suddenly on the hill of Nauvoo, with lightning, thunder, wind, hail, and rain, completely prostrating the walls. P. Bourg, Sec. of the Icarian community, in a letter to the *St. Louis Republican*, says, "they will begin again, on the place of the Temple, provisional and urgent constructions, that will serve until they build another large and fine edifice."

A young lady, 17 years of age, committed suicide at St. Louis lately, because her relatives would not permit her to adopt the profession of the stage. In a letter stating her intention and the cause, she requested that a copy of Shakspeare might be placed upon her bosom in the coffin.

A church in Greenwich, Mass., has lately been blown up by gunpowder. The outrage is supposed to have been instigated by revenge against certain temperance meetings which had been held in the house.

At the Washington Navy Yard, on the evening of the 14th inst., a sailor belonging to the Government steamer *Vixen*, refused to join his vessel, and declared that he would sooner disable himself by mutilation, than sail under the orders of the captain of the vessel (Commander Lieut. James H. Ward). No attention being paid to his remonstrances, he deliberately walked to a neighboring woodpile, and with a single blow of an axe severed his hand from his arm. The sailor was known to be a sober, inoffensive man, and such a demonstration on his part of a sense of wrong and injury immediately excited a lively sympathy in his behalf. His alleged grievances were immediately laid before the Navy Department, where they will undergo investigation.

A scandalous scene occurred at St. Luke's (Episcopal) Church, in Chelsea, near Boston, on Sunday 9th inst. A division in the church, as to the right of two parties to occupy it, has for some time prevailed, and had been compromised by agreeing that neither party should occupy it until both should consent. In violation of this agreement, one of the parties surreptitiously obtained possession of it, and a layman proceeded to read the service. The Rector presented himself and claimed his rights. A strong party of persons supported each side, and a fight would have ensued had not the Rector and his friends withdrawn. They took their seats, and the services were performed by the usurping party. In the afternoon the Rector, on entering the church to perform the evening service, was brutally assailed; several violent blows were given him, and his robes were torn from his back. The sheriff interfered and ordered the building to be cleared! These facts are stated by a correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*.

Douglas Jerrold has addressed the following letter to the *London Times*:—"As yet no one has been appointed to the laureateship; and the belief is gaining ground that the function of court poet has ceased to be,—a memory of the past with the office of the court jester. Shakspeare's house has been purchased for the nation by certain of the people; and there was a very confident hope expressed by the committee for such purchase, a hope suffered to be entertained by a member of the cabinet, that a provision would be made for the endowment of a wardership of the birthplace of the poet. May I be permitted to suggest, in the event of the deter-

mination of the place of laureate, that the salary that would otherwise cease with it should endow the post of keepership of the house at Stratford-upon-Avon? If the court bays, with the court cap-and-bells, are to be cast aside, at least let the salary that recommended the laurel reward a worthier office, that of *custos* of the hearth of the world's teacher. 'Warden of the house of Shakspeare, vice post of poet-laureate abolished,' would, I am bold to think, be a no less grateful than graceful announcement, if officially set forth to the people of England."

The City Obituary of the last week includes the names of two of the oldest and best-known characters, in their spheres, of the half century, —Matthew L. Davis, the politician, friend, and biographer of Burr, Correspondent (the "Genevise Traveller") of the London Times, and writer for the American Press, and Jacob Hays, the City High Constable and "terror to evil doers" of two generations, "Old Hays," time out of mind. He had reached the 79th year of his age. The newspapers chronicle, too, the death of William Burns, one of the Editors of the Sunday Dispatch, within the same period.

Mr. Livingston, of the firm of Livingston, Wells & Co., having a connexion with an electric telegraph company, has proposed to the Managers of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum the experiment of employing the pupils in the work of the offices, a duty for which their industry, perseverance, and concentration is said admirably to fit them. If thoroughly practicable, this will be a noble service rendered to an unfortunate class, by enhancing their self-respect, in identifying them with this great Minister to the wants and well-being of the world.

A suggestion made in the Literary World, some time since, to the effect that the Sunday press is from time to time strengthened and improved by an infusion of genuine character and talent of domestic growth, is confirmed by the recent addition to that peculiar corps, of J. D. BANGS, who is known to all newspaper students as the cleverest of city reporters, thoroughly "up" to all municipal matters, with a native vein of humor which gives flavor and interest to all he writes. Mr. Bangs has joined the Messrs. Smith—the enterprising founders of the paper—as a proprietor of the Sunday Courier, making, with Mr. Tobie, a very comprehensive force, which must give that journal a prominent position with the public.

Ogden Hoffman, Esq., of this city, is announced as the Fourth of July orator at Washington's Head-quarters, Newburgh.

The revival of a piece from the Hindoo theatre, says the *Paris Correspondent of the London Atlas*, "performed for the first time" some two or three thousand years since, in a city which no longer has existence on the earth, and written by the sovereign of a country whose very name has become a matter of dispute, has been the great theatrical wonder of the hour. The piece has been translated from the original Sanscrit by Gerard de Nerval, and has met with unbounded success. All Paris has been aroused by this curious contemplation of the ideas and motives of those remote ages, and a whimsical kind of delight is experienced at finding the human nature of Hindostan of so many centuries ago, and the human nature of modern Paris, so exactly alike in their puerility and violence, their audacity and absurdity, that the play may verily be considered a *pièce de circonstance*. King Sondraka seems to have anticipated the existence of such men as Louis Blanc and Proudhon, of Louis Bonaparte and Carlier, so true it is that there is nothing new under the sun, and that not an idea floats on the tide of human intelligence but what has been borne hither by the waters of oblivion, where it had been already flung. A piece, in rehearsal at the Ambigu, founded on the history of "Le fils de l'homme," still dear to the hearts of many amongst the nation, is now rehearsing with much anticipation of success. It is to be called the

"Roi de Rome," and the scene lies principally at the court of Austria, amongst the intrigues of the emperor's household, and the system of espionage to which the ill-fated young Duc de Reichstadt literally fell a victim, as it is still believed. Madame Guyon is to play the part of the "Duke," and it is said that every place in the house has been secured for the first representation. A box has been bespoken for the president, and every member of his family is expected to be present.

Lord Brougham, says the London correspondent of the *Evening Mirror*, has been, during the week, almost as great a lion as the hippopotamus; the eccentric Henry has startled his fellow peers, and astonished the town, by a new vagary in the style of his costume, the sight of which is enough to break a tailor's heart. Picture to yourself the venerable and world-renowned Erratic in white silk stockings, black knee smalls, patent leather pumps, silver shoe buckles, white waistcoat, white cravat, and black velvet coat, in Henry VIII. style, reaching to his calves! Fancy this attire, surmounted by the most extraordinary face in the world—Brougham's face! Then conceive the whole apparition flitting about the gorgeous chamber of the new House of Peers, amidst all the glittering and sumptuous paraphernalia of mediæval magnificence; the hour three in the afternoon; a midsummer sun streaming through the emblazoned windows; the crimson benches filled with the descendants of the chivalry of Runnymede, in presence of the throne their ancestors so often set up and pulled down; the blue and gold carpeted floor studded with all the attributes, animate and inanimate, of an imposing State ceremonial, the representatives of the civil power in England at the Bar. Fancy this scene—its solemn, grave, and almost silent splendor, disturbed only, yet heightened by "Quicksilver Harry," who, fidgety as an orang-outang with delirium tremens, is everywhere at once. Now he rushes up to the Chancellor, and throws a sort of half somerset beside him on the wool-sack, startling that elderly forensic as if an electric eel had suddenly made his acquaintance. Then he sets off to the other end of the house, and holds a confab with half a dozen strangers, questioning two or three of them together, and waiting for answers from no one. Next he plops down between two Peers, asks one something, and tells the other something else, and the next instant is repeating the same process between two others. Then he whips *Galigani* out of his pocket, looks it all over, upside, downwise, and round the margin in a twinkling; crumples it up like a tennis ball; rubs the back of his head with it, as if it were sand soap; then disappears through a side door on the right, reappears at a side door on the left, darts at an ink-bottle, writes a couple of letters at a side table (probably to himself), blows his nose as loud as if he were going into partnership with a percussion-cap maker; sticks his arm a-kimbo, and looks all around him, as if he should very much like to have a talk on things in general with everybody in particular.

*Punch* thus holds discourse on the present state of Painting in England:—"Is painting a living art in England at this moment? Is there a nineteenth century? Are there men and women round about us, doing, acting, suffering? Is the subject matter of Art, clothes? or is it men and women, their actions, passions, and sufferings? I ask these questions of myself, and of my readers—especially the artists among them—because I am driven to grievous doubt about them when I look round the walls of the Picture Exhibitions. If Art is vital, should it not somehow find food among living events, interests, and incidents? Is our life, at this day, so unideal, so devoid of all sensuous and outward picturesque-ness and beauty, that for subjects to paint we must needs go back to the Guelphs and Ghibelines, or to Charles the Second, or William the Third, or George the Second? Because it

seems as if the painters found it so. I see no homely life anywhere in your pictures. I see abundance of *bric à brac*, and Mr. Nathan. Very wonderful velvet doublets, undeniable silk hose, marvellous carved furniture, and very often a pretty set of features a-top of the velvet doublets and silk hose aforesaid; but human emotion, human passion, the thing that interests me as a man, I nowhere see. How is this, my painters? If I read books, it is not for the beauty of the type, or the subtle devices of the binding, but for the meaning I get out of the words. If I see a stage play with pleasure—which is a picture in action—it is not for the glory of Mr. Cooper's coat, or Madame Vestris's purple velvet polka, but for the humor, or wit, or passion, or situation, that they help to make visible, and put into action. But with your pictures it cannot be so. My eye is regaled by their charm of color, often—delighted by their harmony of line and skill of arrangement, often—attracted by the prettiness of your faces, often and often; but for meaning—for thought shadowed out by you to impress me—for deep and true expression—where are they? Shall I tell you the sad truth, as it appears to me, of nine tenths of you, and not the least skilful either? You appear to me like perfect masters of an alphabet, writing nonsense verses: like carpenters, masters of your tools, constructing chairs that can't be sat upon, tables that won't stand, and beds that can't be laid in—in short, of men doing a work whereof the main aim, scope, and purpose, is lost sight of altogether."

One of a new school of philosophers, Dr. Howard, has written a mysterious work, called "Revelations of Egyptian Mysteries." He states that earthquakes in cities are owing to the exertions made by the overloaded earth to get rid of the "intolerable weight of buildings." This writer fully explains what the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was, viz. knowledge of the mineral kingdom, which Adam was forbidden to meddle with, because minerals are very dangerous. This writer has some other quite as queer notions also. Homer and Hesiod are identical with sacred revelation. Dr. Howard also maintains that the sun revolves around the earth.—*Foreign Items.*—*Post.*

An amusing anecdote is told of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. As such, he is entitled to all the "royal fish," captured and brought ashore in the adjacent waters. Some poor fishermen captured a whale in Margate Bay, and as it was of value, Dr. Wallingford addressed a letter to the Duke, endeavoring to persuade him to give up the animal to the captors, because really it was not a fish; in which assertion the doctor is fully sustained by all sound zoologists. The Duke wrote back word, that he did not see what any fellow of the College of Surgery had to do with the Warden of the Cinque Ports; that the fishermen had been paid £28 for salvage, and the balance of the proceeds of the whale aforesaid, he intended to dispose of just as he pleased, without consulting Dr. Wallingford at all!—*Id.*

One of the most important discoveries that has been made since that of Talbot and Daguerre, is that of M. Niepce, who proposed to substitute for paper a transparent and solid substance, which is capable of containing the sensitive material. The following is the process which M. Blanquart-Evrard of Lille has found the best, and which he communicated to the Institute of France in August, 1849:—Put into a deep vessel a number of the whites of eggs, quite pure and free of solid particles; add 15 drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potash. After beating up the eggs, let them rest till they return to the liquid state. Clean a plate of glass the size of the picture required with alcohol, and, having placed it upon a support narrower than itself, pour upon it a sufficient quantity of this albumen, spreading it over the surface with a strip of glass, pushing the



albumen backwards and forwards till it is everywhere in perfect contact with the surface of the glass. The plate of glass is then to be taken by one of its angles, and the excess of albumen run off. When the albuminous film is well dried, it must be exposed either to a great heat or to a great cold till the film is cracked in every direction. Thus prepared, the film must then be brushed over with the aceto-nitrate very quickly, and then suddenly plunged into a vessel of water. The best method of doing this is as follows:—Pour into a flat dish, larger than the glass plate, a solution one half of a centimetre deep of aceto-nitrate, and then give the dish an inclination of 45°. The edge of the albuminous film is then placed in the fluid with the albuminous side immersed, and by a single movement the glass is dropped into the dish, and the dish placed upon a horizontal table. It is then to be agitated for a few seconds, and when the glass is taken out it must be held by one of the angles to let the fluid run off, striking the other sharply upon the table. The glass, with its albumen, is now photogenic, and may be used either in the wet or dry state, exactly like sensitive paper. After the picture is brought out by gallic acid, the glass plate is well washed in fresh water, and the clear parts by a solution of bromide of potash of the strength of 30 grains to 100 of water. The plate is then washed and dried, and ready for taking positive pictures. We have now before us specimens of Talbotypes taken in this way by Messrs. Ross and Thomson, Princes Street, Edinburgh, which are quite perfect, surpassing every photographic picture which we have previously seen. The human skin is represented in its natural softness and delicacy; and portraits of ladies and children can now be taken free of that roughness of surface and coarseness of feature which generally rendered them so unpleasant.—*North British Review*.

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